THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, July 7, 1926 | Number 9

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THE RURAL REBELLION

POLITICIANS who profit by stormy congressional weather are taking delight in President Coolidge's discomfiture over the eagerness with which western farmers are experimenting with the self-help recommended to them. It is only natural that their version of this self-help should differ in several important particulars from his, believing as they do that federal legislation of a distinctly novel sort can be pushed through by a summary use of ballot power. For weeks the debate about this legislation has distracted, frightened, and educated Congress; and not the least ironical characteristic of the discussion is the fact that one of the most earnest and effective speeches for radical farm-relief was made by Senator Cummins, on the eve of his defeat at the Iowa primaries. Obviously, the struggle is important enough to concern the average citizen. But quite as obviously, its significance lies primarily, not in what modifications of official Republicanism may result from the agitation, but in what benefits to agriculture can be conferred.

Of necessity the growth of industrialism implies the retrogression of agrarian prosperity. There is no blinking this now well-established social fact. Because it absorbs most of the available brains, capital, and man-power of a nation, modern business initiates a rate of progress which cannot easily be maintained by groups outside its sphere of action. A country so completely industrialized as England, for instance, was obliged to face the gradual dessication of its farm districts. The situation described poetically by Goldsmith may be imaginatively colorful in some details, but it remains a natural and normal situation. After the war Lloyd George and others believed they had discovered an effective argument for agrarian reform in the truth that the nation had been seriously handicapped, in its hour of martial need, by inability to produce sufficient food-stuffs. But even this argument, for all its value as advertising copy, failed to bring about any noticeable change in the Englishman's attitude toward life on the land. No matter to what strains the working population may be put in the effort to make an insufficient wage cover the rising cost of living, it keeps right on being an industrial population.

Here in the United States we have been passing, like the English before us, through a period of steadily intensifying industrialization. Year after year the census figures have indicated a comparative abandonment of farm life. The vortex of business has swallowed up and redistributed energies which might otherwise have sufficed to dispose of the more important problems of agricultural society. Remember that the last thirty years were devoted to a vast, successful

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effort to gain for America the financial mastery of the world, and you will see that the farmer's position just now is more than a simple mistake in the choice of a site. The fact that he has failed to gain is dependent upon the fact that he has lost—lost the great amount of effective human force that has built up the business machine of the twentieth century. We have said before, in these columns, that the supreme need of rural living is an aristocracy, a group of accredited leaders. These might easily be found, but not easily interested. They are the same men who have developed manufacturing, banking, and commerce.

The present demand for farm relief is dictated, of course, by circumstances which seem more immediate and positive in character. It has become clear that while the cost of manufactured articles remains nearly stable, owing to agreements established by vast combinations of capital and labor, the prices which agricultural produce can command are almost directly dependent upon supply and demand. The average return of the farm industry is the same, no matter whether the yield is a poor one of twenty bushels to the acre or a good one of forty bushels to the acre. Apparently, therefore, the capitalization of agriculture is relatively a bad investment. Dependent as it is upon the market, it cannot take advantage of fortunate circumstances in that market. Naturally enough, the thoughtful among the farmers have concluded thus: we need to introduce the methods by which industry has profited, and we ought to gain for ourselves the same social rights as the industrials enjoy.

Some of the bills presented to Congress are therefore intended to effect combination of farm interests. Their sponsors believe, with most professed authorities on agricultural economics, that coöperative marketing in all its phases will be the saving solution. And doubtless the speedy enactment of such a measure to aid coöperation as that recently before the Senate, is calculated to begin whatever effective work the federal government can do to aid the unionizing of a population which, to its detriment, has been temperamentally opposed to any concept of economics excepting that of the small individual owner. The Senate, however, had been considering at the same time an amended form of the Haugen bill, which provides for that elaborate scheme of surplus marketing which has been so bitterly criticized as "class legislation." It is not difficult to account for this criticism. The Haugen bill—or any of the bills similar in character—provides a standard round which a dissatisfied rural population can really rally. By proposing to operate through a government commission empowered to market crop surpluses abroad, thus stabilizing the domestic price, the sponsors of the bill hope to leave in the farmer's hands those prizes of seasonal prosperity which now elude his grasp. All the old arguments for a protective tariff are, as a consequence, brought to the support of a protected export; and in general the whole of this campaign for relief is closely akin to the theory upon which commerce has operated.

Whether the plan is workable cannot be known in advance of trial. The sensational invitation sent by Vice-President Dawes to Sir Josiah Stamp, the British economist, brought a reply which analyzed the theoretical details of the proposed measure and concluded favorably. To this two American economists, George N. Peck and Chester C. Davis, replied in what was, generally speaking, a dissenting vein. One of their arguments reads as follows: "If the price of wheat is to go up considerably in the United States then there seems a fair possibility that it will have reactions on the whole economic conditions of the country. The cost of living may be considerably enhanced and may lead to a wide circle of demands for increased wages. If this should be so, all costs of production will ultimately tend to rise slightly and there would follow, probably after many struggles or at least protracted negotiations, a new division of the product of industry. Such a movement would set up many new political forces; and it is very difficult to formulate the ultimate outcome. It is possible also that the scheme might have international reactions. There is always a considerable amount of feeling on the question of dumping and it might be alleged that, in effect, the scheme constitutes the dumping of wheat on a very large scale."

And, indeed, it is difficult to concede that even so important and desirable a betterment as is that of agricultural life in the United States justifies the dangerous step of using government trade in foreign markets as a means to success. The fact remains, however, that of all plans proposed this is the most plausible and practicable. If the political barometer is not totally deceptive, it will be tried out in one form or another. We shall begin the national defense of agriculture with the same weapons which have safeguarded industry. Thereby the tariff is brought once again into the foreground of political thought. Americans will be asked, as they have been asked so many times in the past, to decide whether or not the system of barriers to imports has really been to the advantage of the average struggling citizen. But it is pertinent to remark that neither protection nor free trade can ever guarantee agricultural life against the onslaughts of industrialism. We ourselves have the one; Britain has the other.

What is the practical guarantee for which we are looking? The answer to this question will be more eagerly coveted as the years go on. We may not all agree literally with Mr. Bryan's statement, "Destroy the country and grass will grow in the streets of your cities," but we do know that the health and continued well-being of the nation depend upon a sturdy and reasonably prosperous rural population. In so far as entrenched industry is the natural destructive enemy of that population, it is the foe of us all.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

ELSEWHERE in this issue we offer an account, as adequate as space permits, of the Eucharistic Congress toward which the eyes of America were turned during several weeks. And if we add a word here, it is simply to say that as a result of the magnificent homage paid to the central Reality of Christendom, renewed courage has been given to all those of the laity who, in whatever manner, struggle to carry on what can only be termed spiritual irrigation. Poets and philosophers, public servants and workers among the poor—every file of the vast troop who adjoin a timeless purpose to their professional labors—have sometimes been hampered by that sense of loneliness, of isolation from the living crowd, which is so detrimental to all acting forces. Now we have seen, all of us, something like a throng of friends. This includes, besides those who cherish the same faith and fidelities, the numberless others who stood apart but welcomed magnanimously in their hearts the bravery of a declaration for the divine Power of the Master. Everyone who bows his head to that Power is a sharer in the intimate, precious consciousness of a Voice mighty through the ages because it commands eternity. It has spoken and been recognized, with jubilant charity, through the patter of advertised scepticisms and glittering pleasantries.

NO one could overestimate the value of this revivified enthusiasm. Man feeds upon the basic pleasure of union with his fellows. It is only the saint who worships and labors best in silent faith, even in the mystical wordlessness which only deserts know; and the average human soul, fettered to the concerns of its kind, is chilled by the coldness, rebuffed by the hostility, of the surrounding world. Who knows but we shall live more joyously now, in a common consciousness of happy and profitable mystery? At least there is much in what the editor of the Chicago Evening Post had to say: "There are those who believe that the world will be happier when all miracle and mystery are eliminated from its thought and faith. On the contrary, we believe that should such a day dawn it will be a day of doom for everything most precious in human life, for everything which makes life truly significant. Whatever one may think about the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, men who have faith in the spiritual reality of life must rejoice that this unfaltering testimony is given to the existence of miracle and mystery. Many who feel that here too much is believed, will feel also that they have believed too little. Faith denies nothing that science can demonstrate, but it believes more. It refuses to be shut up in the narrow confines which from time to time science has set for it, and rightly, because the whole story of science has been the extending of those confines, the widening of its sphere, until, in recent years, it has broken beyond all bounds and finds itself wandering in a limitless realm of wonder."

ONE hopes that the rejoicing and welcome accorded by Chicago, New York, and all the interlying cities of the United States to our visiting foreign guests, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, monsignori, and priests on their voyage of homage to the Eucharist will have as a result the fostering of brotherly ties and religious affiliations of international character, closer and more intimate than those we have enjoyed in the past. This point is suggested directly by an interview with Cardinal Mundelein which expressed a special welcome to the prelates of the Spanish nations of the Americas, and voiced the hope of forming more intimate bonds of fellowship between the North and the South. It is some years since the death of Don Julio Betancourt, for years the esteemed representative of our sister republic of Colombia, whose interests and activities toward the close of a long diplomatic career in Washington and various capitals of Europe were devoted to the fostering and formulating of plans for what he foresaw would one day be a great Pan-American Catholic Congress in the United States. The coming of the world war and other happenings have prevented thus far the consummation of these wise and holy desires upon the part of Dr. Betancourt, and it is only today in the presence here of so many influential South American Catholics that the question comes to the fore again.

THE list of Hispanic prelates who attended the Eucharistic Congress is a long and estimable one. These important personages, each with his own staff

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of selected clergymen, should not leave our country unimpressed by the good will and sympathies of their friends here. We are all Americans, having at heart the good of religion in our union in the Faith of Christ and the Church of the Holy See. Is the time not ripe for some movement toward a Pan-American Catholic Congress, under the auspices of the apostolate delegates, that will enable us to form concerted measures to meet attacks upon our faith, repair the damages of the past, and renew our mutual forces for the combat against irreligion, indifference, and hostility that the gathering years may wreak upon our weaker brethren and upon the spiritualities we are called upon to defend and perpetuate?

RESOLUTIONS adopted at the Pan-American Conference, recently in session at Panama, will probably not receive more attention in the United States than is given to the ordinary dead-level of news. But these resolutions, offered, of course, by citizens without authority to commit their governments to a program or policy, touched upon two highly important proposals: one to underwrite an agreement between all nations of the two American continents to resist aggression against any one of their number, and the other to attempt the gradual formation of "a League of American Nations." Both are merely suggested possibilities, but they rest upon a solid foundation of political tradition the significance of which, as a force making for international amity, is well illustrated by the work of the Central American court of justice. It remains to be seen whether existing political conditions make the practical development of these ideas desirable from the standpoint of the United States. Washington is reported to have seen in the deliberations of the congress evidences of "good will" rather than of "impending political developments." The recent disagreeable finale of the Tacna-Arica controversy is not likely to prejudice the citizens of this country in favor of more complex and intimate association with neighboring governments. Even this finale proves, however, that some way must eventually be found for internationalizing the consciousness of peoples on both continents; and granted the precedents already established, success may be nearer than most of us suppose at present.

SO many events of urgent timeliness have crowded upon the past few weeks that China, as a topic for discussion, has fallen somewhat out of the public mind. Two items, however, which the lay press has either ignored or treated with perfunctory notice are worth more than a passing attention, and the fact that neither reaches us directly from the Flowery Land does not diminish their importance. The first arrives via that clearing house of national incompatibilities which post-war wisdom established, perhaps as a warning, at Geneva. During a recent discussion upon opium regulation, the Chinese delegate, once fairly afloat upon the subject of foreign intervention in his country, so far departed from the "childlike and bland" attitude expected from his compatriots that the session had to be suspended in something like disorder, and upon a pretext of taking tea which deceived no one. The second, and more comforting item, comes from a quarter in whose direction the League of Nations, we are sure, more than once casts a wistful and envious glance. Following the policy which, if he has not inaugurated it, he has kept steadily in the forefront of the Church's contemporary action, the supreme Pontiff has just created the first native Chinese bishop.

THE momentous innovation has been taken in the quiet and matter-of-fact manner typical of the body to which time and eternity are one. The civil prefecture of Huen-Hoafu, up to now comprised in the prefecture apostolic of Southern Pekin, suggested itself as a unit fit to receive a separate religious organization. Father Philip Tchao, a Chinese secular priest who has been acting as secretary to Monsignor Costantini, apostolic delegate in China, has been quite simply raised to its head with the title and functions of the episcopate. To those who still doubt from what quarter the assurance of peace, if it is ever to reach the world, will come, the contrast needs no stressing. At Geneva—the assertion of imperialism, with all its sorry concomitants of spheres of influence, consular rights, and the rest, and their inevitable clash with the aspirations of a nation growing conscious of nationality, and bent on self-determination. In Rome—the abdication by the Church, by a simple gesture, of any privileges based upon race or color. If anything would emphasize the comparison, it is to be found in the words of the recent Papal Encyclical upon the urgent need of indigenous churches: "For what were missions intended, if not for the establishment of the Church of Christ in these vast countries in a stable and dependable fashion? And how will it continue to exist among the pagans, if all the elements that once constituted it among ourselves, are not to be found in it?"

THE proposal of the League of Nations to "open shop" in Paris and take over the galleries of the Palais Royal for an international display of the scenic beauty, fine books and pictures, and other material evidence of culture and thought which each constituent member has to offer the world, is one of the best decisions that much debated body has taken. Incidentally, it is to be hoped that it will avail to lift the blight that has descended upon one of the most charming corners of old Paris, suggestive alike to the lover of architecture and the student of history. The stately gardens and colonnades of what was once the centre of fashionable Paris have never recovered from the blow inflicted on them in the last days of the Second Empire

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by the piercing of the Avenue de l'Opéra near by. Fashion and the more reputable forms of commerce have largely deserted them, and the visitor of ruminant bent who turns aside from the bustle around the Galleries du Louvre to enjoy their solitude is distracted from his communings with the ghosts of Camille Desmoulins and the wicked duc d'Orleans by shops in which the printed garbage of Europe is displayed for sale. It is to be hoped that the coming of what is really an international exhibition of culture will not only save one of the beauty spots of old Paris from the demolition that occasionally menaces it, but involve a little of that wholesome civic sanitation dear to the heart of good Senator Bérenger.

THE letter addressed by Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul to a western editor and since reprinted in various places is of exceptional importance because it sheds new and unusually clear light upon a matter which has divided Catholic opinion during recent years. What is the scope of the National Catholic Welfare Conference? By what authority is it sanctioned? These questions have been asked with more than ordinary bitterness by many who have disagreed with public pronouncements by the Conference, and by others who have objected vehemently to being "represented" by certain spokesmen chosen to voice the opinions of the Conference. Archbishop Dowling makes it clear that the bishops of at least eighty-five dioceses constitute the administration—bishops who, in their annual meeting, weigh suggestions and complaints that may have arisen. He therefore asks "the opponents and the critics of the Conference to consider that, whether they admire or condemn its activities, they are dealing with the bishops of the country and their agents. The clearing house for criticism and counsel, and the moment for direction, is the September meeting of the bishops who then receive the reports of the administrative committee and their departments."

ALTHOUGH no claim is made that the official decisions of the Conference are binding morally, the Archbishop's letter courageously implies that loyalty to the common cause of religion demands a fair and "parliamentary" treatment of the work being done. It is, of course, true that not every agent selected will prove competent to perform the task assigned to him, and equally true that mistakes in method and information will occur. But all this can never justify the conclusion that the Conference itself is a mistake. During the years of its existence it has developed a machinery of service and has proved itself an educating force; its prompt action has frequently brought excellent results; and its conduct has been, with very few exceptions, dignified and exemplary. We imagine that most of the criticism comes from people who resent what seems to them a "programmatic" attitude struck up by a few individuals connected with the Conference. It would be much more valuable, besides being more charitable and well-mannered, if this criticism honestly and fearlessly named the individuals it has in mind while pledging its support to Catholic national action as such.

FOR the thirty-fifth time, the Catholic Summer School of America will open to combine genuine intellectual culture with kindly living in the beautiful lake region of northern New York. It is not too much to say that the school has become one of those institutions which, as the old wit said, fit a man for tactful companionship with himself. Programs characterized by distinction have continued the essentials of collegiate education—contact with scholarly persons and reflective discussion of spiritual forces which modify the contemporary world. This year Reverend Francis P. Duffy, the new president, has arranged an exceptionally attractive course of what the honest American seeker after enlightenment reverences as "lectures." We should like to point out the many good things, but must limit ourselves to noticing the attention given to sociology in its varied aspects. Many of the foremost authorities in this interesting and very up-to-date subject will afford those attending the summer school an unusual opportunity to become well informed. By comparison other aspects of the program are rather noticeably weak, though even the most insistent literary critic would find something to ease his smart. All who realize the loftiness of the goal which the directors of the school have set for themselves will wish the incumbent president every success in carrying on a work to which he has devoted so much of his time and energy.

SOME years ago people began to notice round about them a new population which, vast and important though it was, usually had to be satisfied with the contemptuous label, "Dago." But there were some who saw the plight of this people and also its splendid possibilities; and others began the difficult work of trying to make the Americanization process through which it had to pass more human, more redemptive, more spiritual. Among these nobody remains more prominent than Bishop Walsh, of Trenton, New Jersey, who founded an institution to train women for work as nuns among the Italians in his diocese. This was Villa Maria, which today is national in its scope and about as fruitful a source of religious energy as could be named in America. The financial support of this far-sighted endeavor was, from the beginning, a difficult problem. It was solved chiefly through the generosity of Mr. James Cox Brady, whose interest in Villa Maria was characteristic of one who realized fully that wealth is, above all, a means with which to be charitable. His fellow-citizens, who have profited by his kindliness and example, will be glad to hear of his recent appointment as Papal Chamberlain with the

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Grand Cross of Saint Gregory, which is the highest honor a Catholic layman can receive from his Church. To us here the distinction is particularly gratifying because, as a friendly Calvert Associate, he has done very much to make our own movement possible and progressively successful.

THERE was a spontaneity and conclusiveness in the welcome that roared and snowed along New York's waterway when Commander Byrd came back to his own people that dispenses from further adulatory comment. But one story of the hair-brained courage that made the feat possible should be salvaged and featured wherever and whenever the saga is resung. "When we were about an hour from the pole [it is the Commander himself reminiscing at a luncheon given in honor of the party by the Aero Club of London] I noticed a leak in the starboard oil tank. I pointed this out to Bennett, who said, 'That is a bad oil leak,' He wrote down, 'She will stop.' . . . I asked Bennett what we should do and that old 'son of a cook' said: 'We will go to the pole first and we will discuss what to do next.'" Among the sayings, unanswerable for their pithiness and for a quality wiser than wisdom that have become proverbs among our people, it is to be hoped that "We will go to the pole first" will never be lost.

THAT a philosophical mind is not incompatible with the art of being a criminal—though proved long ago by such engaging persons as Raffles—is established beyond a doubt by the readiness of numerous New York offenders to get inside the gates of Sing Sing. It is true that the widely advertised comforts of the prison are not the chief cause of the onrush. The convicted, in this instance, are not like the bedless tramp of yore who intrigued the constable into offering bed and board. Modification of the parole laws by a legislature frightened with statistics has brought about the present hasty hegira. Prisoners entering after July 1 will not profit by the system of "compensations" for good behavior in force during recent years as an aid to the warden in maintaining good order and as a form of inducement to civic excellence in the future. In this comedy of the anxious prisoners there is, however, a fairly pertinent illustration. It does prove, after all, the unattractive character of even the most dignified form of existence in gaol. One might have supposed that so widely famed a resort as Sing Sing carried with it something like a badge of honor for the sinner against law—that after a season or two spent within walls so warmly recommended, the blower of safes or the unruly signer of checks might return to his kind wearing a variety of glory cloud. But all this would have been illusory speculation. The real trick has been to dart through the meshes of the parole system. This nicely regulated method of readjustment, designed by sympathetic and usually academic persons, breaks down just where so many recent reformatory agencies crash and splinter—it fails to note the perishable character of good resolutions when not vitalized by motives of firmer texture than altruism. Prison and plenty of it, though not a pleasant, is nevertheless an effective inducement to refrain from social malpractice; and a man who has seen a grim vision of resisting walls will, if his conduct is guided by no better motives, be relatively scared into decency.

IF the study of the classics is becoming something else than the dried and lifeless exercise which it used to be, thanks is due first of all to the intrepid excavators and burrowers into the earth who have been making past ages contemporary with ourselves. One verging on middle age can still remember the happiness on the face of a good Greek professor able to assert, on the basis of Schliemann's discoveries, the honest realism of the Iliad. No more could the bright, sceptical imps in the rear row dub Homer's dactyls "hot air" and scout the very existence of Hector. Now, if indications are not wholly deceptive, the life-work of Dr. Paul Borchardt, one of the most diligent students of classical geography, will be crowned with a great and plausible theory, if not with a firmly established archaeological discovery. On the basis of a vast accumulation of evidence he asserts that the Atlantis of fable and twilit history occupied the site at present covered by the mournful salt marshes known to Tunisians as Shottel Jerid. If the carefully formed guess is true, the Pillars of Hercules were desert mountains and Hercules reached the Hesperides Gardens after trekking across hot sands. Assume that a tremendous earthquake, of the fierce sort so customary in Mediterranean history, buried the "city of the oasis" from view and the whole character of the now legendary memory is changed. Naturally it is unsafe to assume that Dr. Borchardt's hypothesis is already substantiated fact. But even if conclusive proof cannot be obtained, one envies the effect which speculations like these must have upon the youthful enquirer into classical literature. He is no longer reading a mere book, or detecting relative grammatical orthodoxy; he is gaining the foothills behind which rise the newly cloudless heights of antique civilization, the haunts and the daily habits of which can, through travel, be made beautifully visible to the eye.

ANCIENT wisdom assures us that a dog with a bad name may be considered as good as hanged. But it has been left for contemporary shrewdness to suggest that a good one, bestowed upon him at the last moment, may be all that is necessary to earn him a reprieve. Concerned at the attention their activities are beginning to attract on the part of that element of the public which connects the small hours of the morning with reveillé rather than with taps, a movement has been set on foot among the night-club mag-

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nates, of which Samuel L. Weiss, of Club Alabam, seems to be leader, to sweeten the hectic implication contained in the word "night-club" by getting rid of the sinister word altogether and replacing it with something which, except to patrons cursed with a classical education, will convey nothing that is not altogether fresh, dewy, and crepuscular. "Nocturette" and "noctorium" are among suggestions that find most favor, and perhaps to hint how complete and final is the burial of the bad old past, the term "noctician," whose startling affinity with "mortician" will not escape notice, has been preëmpted for the official whom a cruder generation was content to call the "bouncer." The device of clearing oneself of a bad name by giving oneself a pretty one will appeal to some people. But those less under the spell of nomenclature than the New Jersey mayor who makes the happy suggestion to Manhattan's Mayor Walker, will insist on considering "noctoriums" (or "noctoria") not essentially more fragrant under their new title than Tartuffe after confession, Moore's famous shattered vase, or the scent upon a dirty pocket-handkerchief.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE

A YEAR or so ago the suggestion was made in one of New York's liberal weeklies that a map of these United States was much needed, indicating, by tints and intensities of tints, the depth to which culture (always one supposes, in the opinion of the liberal weeklies) had penetrated beneath the surface. An examination of the files of the New York Public Library, conducted by the New York Times, may not go so far, but it throws some light on the different tastes in reading to be noted in different sections of the Empire City, and incidentally, from the very fact that it yields results which can be locally tabulated, suggests that economic reasons may lie at the root of a good many preferences and aversions where the printed word is concerned.

The purpose of this brief article is not to reëxamine the reading proclivities of the population of Long Island, but it may be noted in passing that a love for serious literature and the older classics still hugs the lower East Side; that residents of the Bronx, largely composed of families who have graduated into prosperity from this congested neighborhood, vote heavily for such headliners in the independence movement as Dreiser, Cabell, and Lewis, splitting their ticket with books on interior decoration, but turning a blind eye upon manuals and books of travel; and that music and drama are the preoccupations of the elect of Park and upper Madison Avenues.

Any conclusions drawn from an examination so necessarily cursory are apt to be misleading, but the Times survey reinforces an observation that any thoughtful person must have made, namely, that what might be called, without abuse of terminology, a static class, exists midway between the category who are working up from poverty and alien citizenship and the category for whose appraisal all the world outspreads its intellectual wares, and that it is this first class which looks for light and leading to the more serious and imposing of our native novelists. Apparently it has finished with the ancient and classic wisdom which brought comfort in its day of stress and penury. Equally it has not arrived at the status of the class so far removed from material anxieties that the cultivation of the aesthetic side of life can become a business. Works on sociology do not greatly interest it, because its own social problem has largely been solved. Having evoluted, it does not take the old interest in standard words on evolution. But it does read novels, and the novels it reads are those written by the men whom vogue and popularity have elevated, often with scant intrinsic justification, into the rôle of prophets and preachers for our time.

We may regret this elevation, on general no less than personal grounds. We may see in the contemporary use of the novel as a pulpit a brazen assumption at which the writers of the "novelle" who inaugurated the genre would have stood aghast. But we cannot, if we are clear-sighted, ignore it, and we will not, if we be wise, discard its possibilities for an apostolate.

Viewed from a philosophic aspect, the novel will always carry a taint of anarchy. From a Christian point of view, it must front the charge of being a positive usurpation of the Godlike function of creation. Writers raise men and women from the dust of their imagination, endow them with motives and actions, cast them loose among the facts of life, reward and punish at their will, and, should the whim seize them, are empowered to make of their romance a sheer sarcasm upon lives as God has made them and willed them.

In view of all these difficulties, Catholic critics abroad, not at all unfriendly to the medium, have been known to assert that a novel is a case of conscience, and that a really Catholic novel is a contradiction in terms. Luckily there are critics, no less Catholic, who take a milder and more indulgent view. In an article just published in Les Lettres, M. Louis Baumann examines the possibilities of the Catholic novel and the responsibilities of the Catholic novelist. He finds the solution of the problem in the fact that the sincere Catholic novelist is bound to be both a realist and a supernaturalist—but never a naturalist. "Naturalism," says M. Baumann, "tends to reduce a man to a mere play of instincts. The realist takes the world whole, and it is impossible to do this without taking count of the reaction of supernatural motives." The main difficulty, concludes M. Baumann, is one with which any writer worthy the name should not fear to grapple. It is "to give form . . . to secrets that pass in the human heart, and of which God alone is the Witness."

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CHRIST IN AMERICA

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT WAS my very wonderful good fortune to see with my own eyes the beginning and the ending of Our Lord's journey about the lake of St. Mary at Mundelein. I saw the Papal Legate take the Host from the tabernacle, and I was one of the little group of laymen who were kneeling or standing just behind the Legate when he held up the Host after Benediction and blessed us all at the end of the procession, after the great storm, when the sun was again shining. I say I saw these things with my own eyes, because, as a reporter, I often am obliged, like all who write for the press, to supplement what I see and hear by what I am told by others, who, in turn, often get their information from still others. And in order that I may give the readers of The Commonweal the most truthful account possible of the Eucharistic Congress I shall try to relate, so far as I can, only what I myself saw, and heard, and thought, and believed. It will, of course, be merely a fragment among many, many fragments of the story. Some day, perhaps, somebody may collect the best fragments of that gigantic story. If that somebody appears he will be a second Dante.

The least crowded, and certainly the quietest spot at Mundelein on Thursday, June 24, the last day of the Congress, was the chapel. In front of that replica of the old Puritan church of Lyme, Connecticut—one of the best examples, I am told by those who have authority in such subjects, of the austere, simple, strong beauty of the New England type of architecture—an altar had been placed, under a regal canopy, flanked by the thrones of the Papal Legate and the Cardinals, where the pontifical Mass of the Most Blessed Sacrament was offered up in the open air. The altar was the centre of a multitude the lowest estimate of whose numbers is half a million souls. There were probably a million. The population of the little town of Mundelein, outside of the few hundreds of pupils and priests at the seminary, is about two or three hundred. Mundelein is forty miles from Chicago, and sixty miles from Milwaukee, with a very few towns nearer than those two vast cities. The pilgrims had come to Mundelein by electric and steam railroads, and by motor cars. The latter were parked by the hundreds of acres all about the seminary grounds. One journalist among the many hundreds present had looked up historical data and he said that the figures showed that there were three times as many persons gathered about that altar at Mundelein as marched in all the crusades. It may be so. Others again spoke of the great migrations of history, the movements of tribes and nations. Such gigantesque figures of speech and enormous if vague symbols of comparison have at least the value of indicating the almost stunning, the almost overwhelming nature of the impressions produced upon the minds of trained and veteran reporters—many of whom had seen most great modern events and things. The multitude was spread out everywhere within the woodland and meadows surrounding the lake and the seminary chapel and buildings. Only a few thousands—a mere trifle, say 50,000, could actually watch the Mass. Radio amplifiers carried the chants of the seminarians, the words of the celebrant—the Legate himself—and the sermon of Cardinal Hayes, to those beyond the inner fringe of the multitude.

When the Mass was over, the procession was supposed at once to proceed in its circuit of the lake, a journey of about three miles. But there was delay after delay. Hours passed. I have heard the opinion expressed that the miracle of this Eucharistic Congress—considering the size of the crowds that were handled both at the stadium in Chicago, and at Mundelein—was the efficiency of its management. On the other hand, I have heard the management condemned as most feeble, incompetent, and inconsiderate. Certainly, the reporters at Mundelein were wretchedly cared for. The stand where they sat during the Mass afforded merely a peep-hole view, and that usually was blocked up. There was no place arranged for them to view the procession. And for individual reporters to adventure into the crowd was to risk getting jammed away from sight or hearing of anything—of anything but the crowd. Of course, some of us did go out on such adventures, and somehow or other got back to the press box and our telegraphic operators, and one such trip of mine took me into the chapel. All day long people had been going in and out of the chapel. Priests and nuns knelt in prayer, some of them for long periods of time. Lay people did likewise, but for the most part everybody, priest, nun, layman or laywoman, made only a fleeting visit; a genuflexion before the Sacrament, a brief and probably distracted prayer or two, a hurried glance about the chapel—so strange in its perhaps symbolic admixture of Puritan rigidity and austereness and Catholic richness and grace. Then the visitors would be drawn back to the crowd by that magnetism which such enormous assemblies exert even upon those who dislike great crowds, or even fear them. The chapel was by comparison with that throbbing, swaying, tremendous sea of humanity outside like a little island within a coral reef, or like a cavern inside a mountain upon which armies were marching with great guns and tramplings. Or, may I dare say it, it was like unto the stable in Bethlehem when the great crowds of the Jews were tramping in from every side at the command of Caesar.

Anyhow, I too entered the chapel, on one of several

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such visits. This one, in fact, I meant to be for the sake of rest, and a little breath of quiet, of silence, of solitude, those three most gracious things which are so hard to find. But my work followed me into the chapel, where perhaps a score or two of others were scattered about. How was I to write about all that was happening that would be worth the writing? If it is hard, and so it is, to write about the great, simple things—the sea, the stars, mountains, the rising and the setting of the sun, how much harder to write about Him Who is Simplicity Itself? Just the same, there were two newspapers depending upon me for part of their news of that day, and I began to wonder what I should say, and how I should say it. Just then, there was a stirring of a few priests out of the sacristy into the sanctuary. Then came the Legate. One or two laymen appeared, in Vatican court dress; one of them an American, Nicholas F. Brady of New York, and, let me add, a Calvert Associate. With the minimum of ritualistic ceremony the Host was taken from the tabernacle, and placed in the monstrance. The Legate went out through the sacristy, entering a lane cleared among the people on the epistle side of the Church. Behind him came the Princes of Holy Church, the Cardinals, whose blood-colored robes flamed in the burning sunshine. Then the Legate passed on, followed by the Cardinals, attended by the laymen, joining the immense procession that long before that had begun its movement.

It was impossible, so dense was the crowd, for me to follow further than to the door opening out of the sacristy, from which I watched the Legate pass, the representative of Christ's Vicar on earth, and the Cardinals, the Princes of Christ the King. I returned then to a place under the canvas that sheltered the telegraph operators, and at once began to write my newspaper despatches, the chief of the staff of operators taking each sheet of copy from me as I finished writing it. I took it for granted, as journalists so often do, and as indeed they must do when the presses are waiting for early copy, that what I had seen begun would go through to its finish under the same conditions as its start. So I wrote:

"My story is the story of the joy of faith.

" 'Introibo ad altare Dei. I will go in unto the altar of God.'

"John Cardinal Bonzano, legate of the Pope, making the sign of the cross, said these words, bowing before the golden rose-crowned altar above which was the figure of Christ crucified.

" 'To God, who giveth joy to my youth,' responded one of the celebrant's assistants."

I will not quote all the rest of my hastily written but at any rate deeply-felt description of that Mass. I went on to say that the words with which I began, and which begin the Mass, were the same as are said by all priests of the Catholic Church, everywhere, throughout the world, from the Pope in the Vatican to the most remote missionary in the farthest jungle of Africa. Every second of the day they are being somewhere said, as they have been said for nearly two thousand years, and as they will be said (so all Catholics believe) until the end of the world.

But nowhere, at no time, have they had the special significance they possessed when uttered that day at Mundelein.

As a Catholic layman trying my best to express what I believe to be in the hearts and minds and souls of the Catholic laity, and what they desire to express to their non-Catholic fellow citizens, I say that when the Legate of the Vicar of Jesus Christ spoke the words I have set down above, he represented the soul of the American nation, as did the assistant who responded.

Joy was the great note of the marvelous climax to the Eucharistic Congress. Joy sounded in the bells that chimed from the steeple of the church that towered in its pure New England simplicity and nobility and beauty above the open-air altar. The roses on the altar were glad and golden. The sunshine poured down a benediction of joy. The fresh, pure wind was buoyant with life. It was the sort of sunshine and wind that ripens grain—grain from which comes the bread that then becomes the Body of God.

And the immense multitude that knelt before that altar of joy, and through which Jesus Christ walked (as that multitude believed) about the smiling lake, as once He walked the shore of Lake Gennersareth, that multitude represented the American nation, in a more comprehensive manner, I dare to say, than any other crowd ever assembled—in the special sense that every racial strain that enters into the spiritual and physical synthesis of Americanism was there, and functioning in the highest act of humanity—praise of God, adoration of Divinity, and consecration of self to God and their fellow human beings.

This was the note struck also by the sermon of Cardinal Hayes of New York. He recalled the spiritual and religious sources and origins of America from the dim beginnings where the missionaries of Christ came with the earliest explorers, and went before them through the wilderness, baptizing the very earth with their blood in many martyrdoms, tracing the paths of self-sacrifice and devotion to the highest interests of others than themselves.

In that multitude there were millionaires, statesmen, soldiers and sailors, artists, writers, judges, firemen, policemen, men of all the professions, doctors, lawyers, architects, builders, teachers, engineers, farmers, workers of all possible kinds—all sorts and conditions of mankind, and their mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, and hosts and hosts of the little children whom Jesus loved, and whom He always loves.

Indeed all were children then—children playing as well as praying before the Lord.

Slowly, slowly the procession passed along the road winding around the blue St. Mary's Lake, above which

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white birds soared, through the woods, drenched in sunshine, through the multitude of 1,000,000 adorers. Cross bearers and acolytes came first; a boys' band followed; a long line of German-Americans and Germans; a delegation of firemen and policemen from New York, and the members of the Catholic Club of the same city. Then a float among a group of members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—ancient indeed, these Irishmen, in their proud heritage of religion—the Irish whose seed has been flung by the raging winds of persecution to all the shores of the world, seed which, watered by the tears of exile, and fertilized by faith, has raised such a mighty and unending harvest of children to the Church. Well chosen was the symbol of their float, "Christianity Enlightening the World." There followed after the Irish the American Indians, descendants of those souls for whose sake came the priests with Columbus, and the priests from France and Spain and England who opened up the new world and prepared the paths of civilization in America. Then Lithuanians, and more bands; Knights of Columbus, showing in a tableau the great Genoese who brought the Faith to America; and the Slovak unit, and the Slovenian unit, the Syrians, the Croatians, the Hungarians, the Belgians, the Poles, the French, the Spanish, the Chinese, the Maltese, the Ukrainians, the Italians, the Bohemians. Father Marquette was pictured "Bringing the Faith to Chicago," the Marquette who said Mass 250 years ago where now the great city stands; then a long, long line of seminarians, the young men giving up father and mother and the love of wife and children and home to follow all their lives in the footsteps of Christ; then Christian Brothers; thousands of priests, members of all the orders, the seculars; and after them the prelates; the purple monsignori; mitred abbots, bishops, archbishops, the cardinals and their attendants, and, in their midst, the Legate, his hands upon the monstrance drawn by other attendants upon a wheeled carriage, and, in the monstrance, the Host.

Meanwhile, the aspect of nature had changed. The blue of the sky darkened, then was blurred and obscured, as thick, lurid clouds rolled up. What had been in all minds, hidden under the joy and beauty of the day like a secret fear in a happy heart, now became apparent—the dread that a storm was coming. And if it came, what would happen, with a million people for whom there could be no shelter (save for a very few in the seminary buildings and the chapel) packed together among trees every one of which would be a thing of deadly peril! Would that multitude become a mob? Would reverence become riot? Would the human, all too human thought of self obscure the thoughts until now ascending out of self toward God?

Then came the storm. Like an assault by the spirits of darkness, the princes of evil, came the tempest, with lightning, pouring rain, roaring thunder, hailstones lashing the bare heads of the marchers.

When it came, I was under the canvas roof of the telegraphers' headquarters. Having sent off the despatch described above to one newspaper I was writing another for a second newspaper. The crowds near the church swarmed into it for shelter, and crowded underneath the press shelter. The head of the telegraph service, a calm, cool man, quieted some women who showed signs of panic, with reasonable words, and by the force of his example. A little sister of a Franciscan order, standing by my side, smiling, but praying, fought the storm by throwing holy water against it in a sign of the cross. It was reason and faith coöperating—the unconcerned, cool-headed man of reason, the smiling, praying nun, daughter of faith. And I wrote to my newspaper that I did not wish to change a word of my story describing the day as a day of joy. I telegraphed my belief that the storm was a mere symbol of the fact that religious faith is for times of storm as well as for sunny days, for the night as well as for the day, for times of sorrow and pain as well as for times of peace and joy.

So I wrote, after I had witnessed the return of the Host. I had managed to make my way through the crowd that gathered near the outside altar, and Archbishop Hanna, chancing to see me as he came back to the sanctuary from his three-mile walk with the others around the lake, drenched to the skin, but serenely smiling, took me, as one might put the matter, under the shelter of his cope, so that I was in the midst of the sanctuary when the Legate came to the altar, and gave us Benediction, and Te Deum was sung, and Tantum Ergo, and the sun shone down again, and the birds played about the yellow roses on the altar.

Never once had those priests of our faith, legate, cardinals, bishops, and the lower ranks, paused or faltered in that three-mile march, first through the burning heat, then through the half hour of hail and rain and driving wind, though many of them are old, some very old men. Nor did the others, the laymen, pause or falter. Nor were there any signs of panic among the people through whom the Host was borne. Men and women and children knelt in the mud and took the blessing of the Host.

They were welcoming the coming of Christ as King to America. The long, long hours of waiting (many thousands had been waiting since daybreak); the very real discomforts incidental to the assembling of a million human beings and their transportation over roads and railroads never intended to bear the strain of such a concentration of people; the heat of the day, to which many hundreds succumbed—all this was forgotten, or ignored, or never noticed at all. The devoted faith of the nameless multitude was the great, outstanding fact of that day of days. Christ had come down from the altar to move among them. Nothing else mattered. But what that fact matters will be written into the brighter pages of the future history of the United States, of all America, of the whole world.

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THE EUCHARISTIC VICTORY

By THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER

THE program of the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress was conceived and carried out on a scale of such magnitude and magnificence that we shall have to wait many a day for an adequate and true picture of the festivities which marked its progress and the effects which radiated from its deliberations. There is nothing in our annals to compare with it. No wonder that Monsignor Heylen, Bishop of Namur, President of the Permanent Committee, as well as Cardinal Mundelein warmly thanked and complimented the press for its uniform fairness, its omnipresent sense of justice and reverence, its laudable readiness to give becoming space and prominence to an event which, though international in interest and intent, assumed, through the coöperation of the secular newspapers, an irresistible appeal of actuality.

Obviously, we cannot blame this secular press if it did not stress sufficiently the literary labors of the Congress. There was little about the papers presented, even when read with great conviction and discussed with a really laudable freedom, to catch the average eye, which is precisely the thing the daily press can never leave out of count. There was nothing very startling or sensational propounded at the sectional meetings since none of the orators desired to win publicity at the cost of orthodoxy.

But the press did outdo itself in describing the exterior functions of the Congress. One needed not be a poet or a religious devotee to be touched by the warm color and imperturbable dignity of the procession which marched on Sunday morning through deep lanes of people from Quigley Institute to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, wearing a vesture of cloth of gold —fairly glittering in the light of myriad candles and electric lights—that seemed to be a winged thing because of the flapping banners of all nations hung gracefully from towers, windows, and pillars.

One needed not be a musician to be thrilled by the voices of 62,000 children who sang with precision, unction, and tonal clarity the Missa de Angelis in the broad spaces of the stadium on Soldiers' Field, Grant Park, where more than 250,000 people looked down upon them with eyes that were gathering more rain of tears than the heavens poured out. On the crest of a little hill an altar of sacrifice—a replica of the shrine over Saint Paul's body in Rome—had been erected and on the broad steps, numberless they seemed to be, that led up to it the trains of the Cardinals' robes looked for all the world like splotches of fresh warm blood, symbolical to most beholders that morning of the Blood of the Lamb soon to be shed.

One needed not be a blasé habitue of musical revues to be ravished by the sight on Tuesday night, when, in the chill damp air of the stadium, more than 200,000 men held candles that seemed to have been lighted by angels' hands just as the Sacred Host was exposed for adoration. The pledge to be loyal to Him, reverent in the use of His Name, true to fatherland, obedient to lawfully constituted authority, taken up, or better, snapped up by that crowd of men had in it the vibrancy of a faith that saw Jesus in the light of the candles, that adored Jesus in the tenderness of the moment. When they left—as men always break away from a massed crowd—quickly, nervously, with plenty of good-natured jostling, one could see a light shining in their eyes as if they had seen the Lord. Most of the men were whistling quietly to themselves, or humming as if in answer to the music within their hearts.

One needed not be chicken-hearted to feel the poignancy of the sacrifices that nearly a million people made on Thursday morning in their efforts to reach Mundelein, forty miles from Chicago, where the closing services of the Congress were to take place. The park surrounding the seminary became a veritable camping field for one night where Mexicans and Indians slept snugly wrapped in their variegated blankets, where men and women nestled close to the bonfires that kept off the cold. Long before the rush hours of the morning the three roads that were to transport the pilgrims to Mundelein were cluttered up with a living mass of humanity. As the trains sped by one could hear the old familiar hymns of one's childhood, sung with full throats by men and women who had actually turned palmers. The grounds were alive with people, and one could not but notice the large numbers of young men, men of an age with which we do not ordinarily associate piety or devotion. There were old men, too, and old women who, one thought, had better have remained at home, but whom one would not deprive of the ineffable joy of participating in liturgical services, akin to the worship in which they soon would be joining before the Great White Throne in the land beyond the stars. The open-air Mass on the steps of the seminary church was the real Drama Christ intended this Sacrifice to be, with the Legate surrounded by a cohort of bishops and an army of priests and a multitude of people, offering up the Lamb without Spot. After that one saw a typically American, because a spontaneously democratic, thing—the free mingling of Church dignitaries and simple priests and poor friars before a cafeteria lunch counter where hot coffee and sandwiches were dispensed. Only in America could such a thing have occurred!

Upon the devotional life of the American Church the Chicago Congress will leave its impress. By eloping with so many individual souls in the divine romance

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of this Chicago Congress the Master has prepared the way for "a second spring" in this land of ours. The liturgy will come into its own and draw us closer to the great Action of the sanctuary. The one and one-half million Communions in Chicago brought back to many a sin-sated, disenchanted heart a remembrance of the sweetnesses of First Communion day. The Eucharistic pageant convinced the Christian world that the Host is the great drawing magnet of the true religion.

Devotionettes may be very good and wholesome but they must ever remain secondary and subsidiary. Only on condition that they lead men to the altar will they continue to show signs of life. At the Congress of Rome in 1905 the representative of the Bishop of Namur (in which city there had been an international Eucharistic gathering three years before) attested that many petty devotions had died the death in the heat of the Live Coal on the Altar. The many forms of individualistic piety in our land are doomed now that the Blessed Eucharist has come into its own in the affections of the people and the ambitions of the clergy. We shall be a Eucharistic people!

But upon the unbelieving and disbelieving world, also, this colossal gathering of believers in the Real Presence will exercise a beneficent influence. There are abundant signs at hand to show that the non-Catholic world is beginning to realize the need of a deeper and profounder faith in Christ. It was, probably, this as much as anything that inspired non-Catholics to vie with their Catholic friends in extending to the pilgrims a cordiality that bore all the marks of springing directly from the heart. Not only were many of the Protestant churches elaborately decorated, but from many a pulpit high commendation of the Congress and what it stood for and would undoubtedly achieve was heard at repeated intervals. I know of three cases where Protestant ministers gladly harbored Catholic priests during the memorable week. Because of this good will, sympathy, and enthusiasm, it is safe to say that the Congress will go far in teaching the world that Catholics believe that they are at their best when upon their knees in adoration. Religion is not merely a matter of listening to sermons and inspiring music. The religion of Christ is not mere social service or humanitarianism. Christ has not abdicated His rights over the world nor over the hearts and minds of individuals. Following so closely upon the institution of the feast of Christ the Universal King the Chicago Congress will help the world to realize that only so long as Christ is the cornerstone of society can it exist and operate without revelations and revolutions.

CHICAGO AND SCEPTICAL AMERICA

By FORREST DAVIS

THESE notes on the Eucharistic Congress from a secular point of view are being set down in an Indiana village—a village drowsy in the sun of a June afternoon and kept awake only by disdainful expresses that flash past on a high embankment bisecting the village. Moreover, they are being typed in the study of a tiny stone chapel, lent for the purpose by my father, the Presbyterian dominie.

And from the unhurried, pleasant labor I arrive at several conclusions. One of the first and, I believe the most valuable, is that the Eucharistic Congress rediscovered mysticism for America. I refer, of course, to that part of America that is, religiously and culturally, outside the fold of Rome. Or to put it the other way round, from the causal side, the dramatization of the mystical so emphatically that those who live only in the visual world become aware that it still has potency for great populations. The practice of mysticism, indeed belief in supernaturalism itself, has not commonly enjoyed wide currency in so-called enlightened circles of recent years. It has been associated with another age—described according to the bias of the individual as that of faith, or of superstition—with hermit saints, Saint Simeon on his pillar, contemplative monks and cloistered nuns, and contemporarily with vague Swamis and credulous spiritualists.

When lo! On newmade sand dunes of Chicago, at the verge of that most astonishing commercial capital of the modern day, where the young awkward metropolis meets the inland sea at Chicago, hundreds of thousands gathered who not only believe in the Palestinian miracles of Jesus, but who center their religion in a daily miracle even more incredible to the pagan reason. Not one recluse, who fasts and tortures himself for spiritual refinement, but a multitude of ordinary folk, our neighbors, who abase themselves in confident belief that "Christ is not dead, but liveth" in the elements of bread and wine on their altars.

That Catholics accept the dogma of the Real Presence, that they venerate Christ on the altar have for long been loose commonplaces in the popular understanding of the Church. But that they hold, and are thereby sustained and consoled, that Christ veritably takes on substantial form daily and thus is not remote in time and space but always at hand—that was an amazingly new concept to most of those who are outside the Church.

"You mean they actually think Christ came to Chicago?" I was asked by someone, when I attempted to explain that the Eucharistic Congresses represent a worldwide and triumphal progress of the Eucharistic King; and that the splendor of the events in Chicago

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were destined to provide a suitable frame for a divinely royal Presence.

This rediscovery that I mention has two forks, so to speak. On the one hand, it is a reminder to the sceptical and scientific that at least 1,000,000 persons will travel to Chicago to practise mysticism; on the other, it means the disclosure to the man of average learning outside the Church that mysticism exists at all in every-day practice.

For in the Protestant world, mind, not only is the Mystery of the Mass denied but a large proportion of clergy and a lesser of the laity doubt as well the validity of the miracles ascribed to Jesus during the three years of His physical ministry. Virtually all the doctrinal dissension among American Protestants is between those elements clinging in part to the supernaturalism of the historic Church and those which reject the mystery of the Virgin Birth and much besides.

As for the first class, the sceptical and scientific, what effect will the reminder have upon their inquiries? Does not the phenomenon provided by 800,000 pilgrims traveling forty miles to a grove to pay honor to Christ in procession; 650,000 persons crowding a vast outdoor "cathedral" for the sacrament of the Mass; many thousands coming in the aggregate many millions of miles to adore a miracle; 1,000,000 persons taking Communion, in a great modern city in one morning; does not such a phenomenon offer a vast stimulus to psychologists and social philosophers?

What does the consecration that underlay the Chicago pilgrimage portend? Is it a magnificent but anachronistic survival of the glorious period when the world was ruled by faith, the age that raised matchless fanes to house the Tabernacled King, that dedicated princes and poets, artisans and bowmen to the one theocratic service? Or is it the daybreak of a like era in which pure science, technology, and the machine will bow to the will of God?

These are questions which must occur to every thoughtful observer of the Eucharistic Congress, all the more to those who, neither belonging inside the fold nor hostile toward it, are not committed already to the answer. And as for those who profess Christianity but are separated from the See of Peter, I should very well imagine they would prefer the affirmative to the second question.

Indeed, it should surprise no one if the denominations in America use the example of the Congress and the striking exploitation of religion it offered in whatever ways lie open to them. It would be strange if the ministers did not exhort their flocks to emulate Catholics in devotion and, likely enough, to shame them into some sort of show of hands to match the stupendous display of Catholic power in Chicago. Yet that would be a large order for the other faiths. In the Reformation they discarded, as all know, the mystical core of Christianity. They exchanged worship of a present-day God, visible and immediate, for a book which records His divine ministry two millenia past. One can imagine a million persons gathering to adore a God actually present. But a book may be studied or expounded only in relatively small groups.

Now, there were other miracles in Chicago apart from the miracle of the Cenacle, which virtually every paper read assured the Congressists "is the central fact of Catholic worship." There were miracles of devotion and miracles of beauty, if they may be so characterized by a secular observer.

What other term would you use to describe the zeal that led 800,000 persons, forewarned of traffic congestion and probable discomfort, from comfortable homes and hotels in Chicago, forty miles to a seminary reservation containing shelter only for clergy, students, and nuns? Many traveled all night, sleeping if they could on the ground or in motor cars, and facing the prospect of another sleepless night on the return. Hundreds trudged long distances, dusty, tired pilgrims after the mediaeval pattern. Gentle old ladies and men past their prime dared the bruising contacts of overcrowded excursion trains. Mothers brought babes in arms to catch a perhaps uncomprehending glimpse of the Host.

And, miracle of miracles, although scores were pummeled and kicked, several suffered broken bones and many of the weaker spirits fainted, not one pilgrim was seriously injured on that frightful night at Mundelein when 400,000 surged through the mud and battered down stockades for a chance to herd into departing trains. Nor through the indescribable crush in Chicago when 500,000 persons sought admittance to a stadium seating 150,000 did one pilgrim sustain a disabling mishap. In fact, casualties of all sorts were fewer in Chicago during the week of the Congress.

Another instance, striking to the non-Catholic mind, was the enormous procession that lined up four deep for blocks every day for the privilege of genuflecting an instant before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the high altar of Holy Name Cathedral. This was the church of nocturnal adoration as well during the Congress and its pews were liberally sprinkled with the faithful every moment throughout each night. It was estimated that 125,000 persons passed through the Cathedral every span of daylight hours.

All this while the brassy midwestern sun beat down without respite. The lake breezes reached them only in part, shut off as they were and huddled on steaming pavements. There was no compulsion here, no requirements to visit the Cathedral during the Congress. It was a free will obligation, as, to be sure, was every other act of devotion during the Congress.

Moments of sheer beauty, grandiose beyond expectation, prismatic and orderly as a rainbow, succeeded one another through the great masses at Soldiers' Field and St. Mary of the Lake Seminary; moments of miraculous loveliness that will remain forever in the memory of every fortunate beholder.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

III. CATHOLIC ACTION AT GENEVA

By GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

UNTIL its reorganization in 1923, the activity of the Catholic Union of International Studies was really more theoretical than practical. It was carrying on through the period, always rather lengthy, of contacts in the making, of studies, of orientation. The Union studied rather than acted. It must not be supposed, however, that it remained inactive. What it accomplished, for example, in regard to the mandate for Palestine and the Holy Places, has been notable enough. It also had the merit of attracting the attention of Catholics to the League of Nations and of determining the method of coöperation to be adopted. The wonderful studies of Père de la Brière on the international organization of the contemporaneous world and the sovereign Papacy, the first series of which, published in 1924, is dedicated to the Union, represent the application of this essentially active and practical method.

But beginning in 1923, the Union definitely abandoned theory in order to enter the practical field. It is entitled to record the results, some of which are of the highest importance. Essentially, these results have consisted in informing the League of Nations of the international activities of Catholics and of their viewpoints and doctrine; thereafter, on the basis of this information, in succeeding with its plan of having Catholic interests represented, or at least taken into consideration.

For instance, during the discussion of the Mosul question by the Council of the League, the Union submitted to the Council a report regarding the deportations and massacres of Catholic Chaldeans by the Turks. This document was communicated officially to all the members of the Council. It is no exaggeration to affirm that the League attached the greatest value to the information contained in that report.

The Union acted in like manner at the time of the opium conference of the League of Nations in 1923-24. It made known, in circles where they were too much ignored, the efforts, more than two centuries old, of the missionary clergy in the Far East to combat the gross abuse of narcotics. It thus assured the possibility of communicating regularly to the League of Nations information regarding the work of the missionary clergy, and made certain that collaboration of Catholics in the activity of the League of Nations would be permitted in this domain. Monsignor Constantini, apostolic delegate in Pekin, made known the value he attached to this aspect of the Union's activity and declared himself disposed to favor collaboration of the Catholic missions in China with the work of the League of Nations through the intermediation of the Union. The Union accomplished still more during the last opium conference, at which it was officially represented by Monsignor Beaupin (French) and by Mr. Louis Vogt (of Geneva). Monsignor Beaupin was invited by the members of the conference to make a public statement of the point of view of the Catholic organizations; and his participation was received with the greatest favor. It must be noted that the Union was the only Catholic association represented at this conference, whilst seven associations of other creeds took part.

The Union also entered into communication with the commission constituted by the Council of the League of Nations for considering the problems of slavery survival. In a most complete report it placed in evidence the efforts accomplished by the Catholic missionaries in Africa; and it made itself the interpreter of the desire of the principal missions to be asked to collaborate in the work to be undertaken, in accordance with the recommendation of the League.

In the important Commission of Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations, the action of the Union was facilitated by the fact that its president, Professor de Reynold, has been a member of the Commission since 1922, that he is its general recorder and that he is, moreover, a member of the managing committee of the International Institute of Intellectual Coöperation in Paris. Two officers of this Institute are members of the Union: Mr. de Halecki, chief of the section of University Relations (one of the most important for Catholic interests) and Mr. Blaise Briod, chief assistant of the section of Literary Relations. It should be added that for two years, the president of the Swiss group of the Union, Professor Castella, served as expert with the Commission.

Thanks to this situation, the most cordial relations have existed between the League of Nations and its Institute on one side, and the Catholic Union and its Catholic Commission of Intellectual Coöperation on the other side. The Union has done a great deal to rally Catholic opinion to this just and necessary idea of intellectual coöperation. In compensation, it has obtained from the Commission of the League of Nations the assurance that the independent universities will be treated, in everything concerning university relations, on the same basis as official universities. This will apply also to the International Association of Catholic Students, "Pax Romana," in dealing with other international associations of students, such as the International Students' Confederation (the present

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president of which, Mr. Balinski-Juldzill, is a Catholic member of the Polish group of the Union).

The Union intervened in the discussion of the Ruffini project (scientific property) by the Commission of the League of Nations, and caused to be accepted, as the most practical solution, the project of Professor Gariel, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Union. The Union collaborates equally and maintains the best of relations with the University Federation for the League of Nations. The second has shown the great importance it attaches to these relations by appealing twice to members of the French group of the Union to give lectures in Geneva on the occasion of its last two general assemblies.

Outside the League of Nations, the Catholic Union of International Studies has endeavored to make connections with prominent Catholic associations of the various countries, with a view of securing their collaboration. It participated actively, as one of the attending associations, in the conference called for August, 1925, in Oxford by the Catholic Council of Great Britain for the purpose of discussing the most efficacious means to assure better coördination.

It made connections in Berne, in 1924, with the Catholic members of the Interparliamentary Union and thus assured itself of very precious and influential relations. It entered into uninterrupted relations with the International Union of Women's Leagues, the Catholic Union of Social Studies of Malines, the Catholic International Association for the Protection of Young Girls, the Pax Romana, the Caritasverband of Germany, the Görresgesellschaft, the Catholic Welfare Council of the United States, etc. It made efforts to organize intellectual mutual aid for the benefit of Catholic institutions and groups.

The Union addresses the Catholic élite of all countries, not claiming to direct their initiative but with the intention of suggesting to them a method of study and of action, the value and efficacy of which it has already had occasion to learn. It is through knowledge of the international problems, which now preoccupy world opinion, that Catholics, inspired by the doctrine and tradition of the Church, may work for their solution. It is through being present where the solutions of these problems are discussed and worked out, that Catholics will be able to see that religion be taken into consideration and to fight against the propagation of pernicious doctrines. The Catholic Union of International Studies shows, we hope at least, the results that are attainable, even with an organization still very incomplete and with means of action exceedingly limited. I hope this article may have interested American Catholics in the effort, because, in spite of separation by oceans, Catholics are a unit in the face of the great problems on the solution of which depends the future of our civilization.

ARTIST AND WOMAN

By KATHERINE BRÉGY

A NEW collection of Mrs. Meynell's essays is always an event in literature: and while not many of the most precious and profound of them—the delicate irony of Decivilized for instance, the austerity of The Flower, the infinite suggestiveness of The Rhythm of Life—have found their way into the little volume just issued,* it has none the less a rather unique charm of its own. For the selection, made with Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's customary felicity, brings together thirteen studies of "women who have created literature or been by literature created."

Never was anyone more ideally equipped to interpret the artist-woman than Alice Meynell—who might stand, indeed, as very symbol of that dual and difficult rôle. Hers were the eyes of the contemplative Mary superimposed above the hands of the busy, maternal Martha; the visible triumph of the artistic temperament in spite (or because?) of much domesticity. It is easy to think of Mrs. Meynell's genius, both in prose and verse, as an aloof, exotic thing: easy, until one is confronted by the staggering bibliography of her work. Then, by way of some possible comparison, one suddenly remembers that there is nothing more profuse, more incredibly varied, nor more mysteriously enduring than the orchid—in its own natural milieu. For nature gives abundantly or not at all. It is human art which has learned to transplant and to husband. And for all her exceeding artistry, the woman-poet who contributed some of the finest prose of her century to a weekly journalistic "column"—who did not fail to send in her fastidious copy the very day before giving birth to one of her many children—was not far from either the inscrutable wisdom or the inscrutable simplicity of nature. She had the right, as her husband suggests (only he would generously extend the suggestion to all her sex!) to speak "as an expert when writing of women." And her right was all the greater because she "held very insistently the belief that in the practice of literature and the arts women and men must work on an equality, be tried by the same tests, and ask no indulgence, the one from the other, on the score of sex."

It was characteristic of Alice Meynell to hold the intimate knowledge, the intimate subject, at arm's length, and only then to permit tenderness to her pen. She knew the soft pitfalls of the over-personal, and

* *Essays of Today and Yesterday, by Alice Meynell. London: George G. Harrap and Company.*

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the hard pitfalls of the impersonal, and would walk between the two. One could wish, of course, that these feminine interpretations of femininity might have included studies of some of her own poetic contemporaries. But then, one even wishes for more of those Six Mediaeval Women who are given the opening salute of the present volume. For who can be content with a fragmentary review which is so rich in its casual comments—teasing us with a momentary apparition of Mechtild and "her Hound of Heaven of seven centuries ago," or of Roswitha, nun-dramatist of an age when "phrases were dewy indeed, fresh indeed, with a dark daybreak freshness"? Then, after a passing ceremonial bow to that highly ceremonial Lady of the Lyrics, we are given three papers "of reparation"—the first dedicated to Mrs. Johnson who, in spite of Garrick and Macaulay and the other mockers, "gave to one of the noblest of all English hearts the one love of its sombre life." Next follows the defense of Steele's Prue—who can scarcely have been stupid since he christened her "Your Prueship," or negligible since she was able to treasure up more than four hundred of her husband's letters—and the praise of Swift's Mrs. Dingley, an amiable shadow so often and so easily eclipsed by the more romance-challenging shadow of his Stella.

Mrs. Meynell was assuredly not among the "conservatives" of her own generation, and it was like her to defend the hapless Mary Wollstonecraft, because of her essential largeness of mind and heart, perceiving that even her gravest social offense was largely an "intellectual" error. And it was just as inevitable that she should detest Jane Austen, while recognizing her "exquisite excellence" of style and observation, because all the things which potentially stretch the horizon for workaday mortals—"love, vengeance, devotion, duty, maternity, sacrifice"—become in her pages "infinitely trivial." "Mankind lives by vital relations," declares this artist and woman in one of the most devastating of her critiques—for, thank God, she could be devastating when the spirit moved her!—"and if these are mean, so is the life, so is the art, that expresses them, because it can express no more." Yet she quite evidently finds Mrs. Inchbald amusing—not in her Romney portrait, still less in her painfully decorous fiction, but probably because of the lady's naïve delight in herself and in her garments, "always becoming, and very seldom worth so much as eightpence." Not even the eloquence of an Alice Meynell, eager to discover "the thinnest beaten gold," can make the maidenly and melancholy Christina Rossetti very interesting to present-day readers. But one likes to find her praising Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a thousand ways her own poetic antithesis: Mrs. Browning, who said everything, although (as in the Sonnets from the Portuguese) it was not always her own will that the world should overhear.

The longest paper in the present collection is that on Charlotte and Emily Brontë; and here, in the midst of much sensitive interpretation, comes almost as an aside one of its most pregnant passages—"What have we to answer for to that which has made us, compared to what we have to answer for to that which we have made?" It was apropos of general parental negligence that Alice Meynell broke into that sudden pregnant query; and we, all too used to the general confessions of immature and rather unimportant personalities, find ourselves wishing that this woman, so richly endowed and richly experienced, had oftener been betrayed into confidences. Only it was part of her fundamental paradox that, having lived abundantly, she should choose to speak in what Francis Thompson called "her own high, reticent way."

In her critique on Stevenson's women—those "ladies" who, as he used to complain, "turn to barmaids on my hands"—Mrs. Meynell is led straight to a point dear to her heart and head. This is the similarity of ideal, or rather the identity of nobleness essential to the sons and the "daughters of men"—a theme developed even more arrestingly in her well-known poem during the recent war. For the now discarded "science" which—quite against reason or the obvious facts of life—once explained heredity as passing easily from father to son, from mother to daughter, she had ridicule. But for the more dangerous tradition of literature and life, which upheld so different a standard of masculine and feminine honor, she had scorn and sorrow, too.

To those who did not know her or her life story, the modernity—in every best sense—of Alice Meynell has been somewhat obscured by the delicate subtlety, the persistent reserves, of her style. So it is well to find preserved here her complaint that even the chivalrous Robert Louis "followed Thackeray in making a good woman to be much more the opposite of a gentleman than he would ever make a tolerable man." It would be a pity for our younger generation to miss knowing that this Catholic artist protested early and late against that dwarfing "difference of ideal for the sexes—wisdom for man, ignorance for woman." It would be a pity to forget that she anticipated much recent psychology in her great Renouncement sonnet, while another of her most celebrated lyrics (celebrated, for better or worse, in multitudinous commencement addresses!) is really a praise of unsequestered modern womanhood. In a larger sense, of course, it sings the ideal of all womanhood, as old as Eden, but now wistfully recaptured, gallantly fought for—the ideal which "roams maternal hills and bright, dark valleys safe and deep," contriving to be altogether a Lady of Delight yet still to keep her soul in rightness. It is not enough to say that this poem is the keynote of Alice Meynell's art, nor even the keynote of her life. For it is also her vision of the ultimate woman—not as a sheep, merely docile, nor as a siren, merely daring, but as a shepherdess, at once proud and humble.

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CRASHAW THE MYSTIC

By SISTER M. ELEANORE

THOSE of us teachers who are interested in increasing the learning of our students rather than in awing them by a constant display of our own sometimes feel like retreating in terror before the array of "'isms" that confronts us at almost every turn. Perhaps I do not well to speak for my fellow-martyrs of the classroom, but I, at least, wait with fluttering heart the inevitable question of some struggling student of the novel, "Just which are the differences among realism, idealism, and romanticism?" (I am glad I need not betray myself here.) With an even more agitated mind I await the question of the student of poetry, "Just what is mysticism?" Being constitutionally afraid of many-syllabled words and high-sounding platitudes, I resort to a cruel subterfuge. I—almost literally—hurl volumes of Crashaw and Thompson at the offending questioner, and issue the command to read and find out. And almost invariably the student does find out that mysticism is the intercourse of the Christlike soul with God.

Mysticism is not to be confused with ecstasy and miraculous power and other things supernatural. It is absolutely the most natural thing in the world, since man is by nature bound to love God and communicate with Him. It is a thing which gives birth to deeds rather than to mere words. It remembers that since the divine Shepherd left the ninety-and-nine good sheep to browse sweetly and safely on the hillside while He sought in dangerous places for the one that had gone astray, the Christlike person must spend himself for others as well. Saint Bernard, Saint John of the Cross, Saint Teresa, and the Little Flower are mystics of the first degree, yet every one of them is an even greater apostle. One needs but remember the crusades, the reform of the Carmelites, and the unceasing labors of her who is to spend her heaven in doing good on earth, and one will understand that mysticism is just another name for Catholic unselfishness.

In the dedication to a hymn to Saint Teresa, Richard Crashaw pays tribute to her "angelicall height of speculation" and her "masculine courage of performance." Herein is, I think, the perfect expression of mysticism. Others might laugh away as a childish whim the story of her setting out to seek martyrdom at the age of six; not so Crashaw, for he knew that it is "love, not yeares or limbs that can make the martyr." God saved her from her desire only to satisfy His own; she was to be "love's victime," who must "dy a death more mysticall and high." Not the sword of the heathen but the dart of Divine Love aflame must sheath itself in her soul's sweet mansion, till, like incense burned and wasted by too hot a fire "into perfuming clouds," it shall "exhale to heaven at last in a resolving sigh." Then, she is to be greeted there by God, His Mother, angels, saints, souls she has saved, "good workes which went before," old woes and pains now smiling on her.

The true mystic, though himself sinless as a rule, can be unfailingly tender toward the sinful for the reason that he can look through the sinner to a Cross on a hill. Seeing through things is an ability that belongs to the mystic. Herein is the exact difference between Crashaw and the modern imagist poet, who is concerned only with exteriors. Suppose the imagist and the mystic, the realist and the idealist all look on the moon as a subject for a poem. The imagist, if a Catholic, will see the moon as an image of the Host held in the monstrance of the diamond-studded sky; if not religiously inspired, he may see it as a lily in a sable sea, or as a goddess. The realist will see the moon as it is, a beautiful thing to look at but in reality the deadest thing in the universe. The idealist will see the moon as a lovely expression of God's power, which ought to lift man's heart to God. The mystic, while the imagist looks beside the moon, the realist looks at, and the idealist looks into it, looks through the calm face of the moon into the Face of God. The moon is in his way; he does not need it: he reaches God, not by means of beautiful things, but in spite of them. Such is the vision of Richard Crashaw the poet.

Francis Thompson says that Crashaw "is no poet of the human and household emotions; he has not pathos, nor warm love, nor any of the qualities which come home to the natural kindly race of men." The poet has, however, Thompson continues, a "human and lover-like tenderness which informs his sacred poems, differentiating them from the conventional style of English sacred poetry, with its solemn aloofness from celestial things." The reason why Crashaw lacked the human and household emotions is to be found in his life as lived among men rather than in his mysticism. Reared in the home of a Puritan clergyman—his father—misunderstood, neglected, and persecuted during his youthful quest for the truth that the Catholic Church alone could give him, and dying before he was old enough to have been softened by time, that kindliest of physicians of human heartbreaks, Crashaw had little opportunity to acquire the human and household emotions. With a heart burning with unsatisfied desires for sympathetic and understanding love, the poet could but throw himself wildly and abandonedly into the Arms and upon the Heart that always responds to the feeblest love.

Crashaw's love of God was the energizing kind which makes men spend themselves for God. Though he complained that the blessed eyes of God bred in him such desire that he died "in love's delicious fire," he could never be justly accused of quietism, for while God thus sweetly slew him, dead to himself, he lived in God. Utter selflessness is the prime characteristic of the true mystic. Quietism is just another name for lazy selfishness. The quietist makes perfection to consist of uninterrupted contemplation of God even in this life—an utterly impossible thing. Contemplation is above all things active; and yet the state that is the goal of quietism makes reason impossible, substituting for reason the passive reception of infused light. Quietism is, then, a negation of mysticism. It means the death of the soul. This is not the death for which Crashaw pleads in so many of his poems; he asks rather the death to self which opens the way to life in God.

Crashaw's mysticism was sane and true because it was learned from the best manual of mysticism ever written, the Gospels. Crashaw was a universal scholar, versed in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and he was accomplished in music, drawing, engraving, and painting, but I think it safe to say that he knew his Bible better than he knew anything else. If he had written only the Epigrammata Sacra and the Steps to the Temple he would have proved his saturation in Scripture and his place as a poet. But he did far more than this.

The distilled essence of Crashaw's mysticism is in the closing lines of his hymn to Saint Teresa, The Flaming Heart, which George Saintsbury calls a "marvelous rocket of song in the heaven of poetry." Such indeed it is, opening for one breathless moment the gates of paradise and making us aware that in us, too, are "brim-filled bowls of fierce desire" that can never be satisfied but by "the full kingdom of that final kiss" that seizes the parting soul and seals her God's.

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The American Flag

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land;
Whose meteor folds above me,
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to some foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, blest flag, to trample!

They say that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under,
Flag of my native home;
And with one blow dissever
My heart from thee forever.

False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand;
And rash the oaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
Whilst, still, in hope above me,
Thou wavest—and I love thee!

God is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal Name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or stranger
Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee or endanger;
Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy gentle shade,
Beliefs, opinions, manners,
Promiscuously be laid;
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou Labarum of light,
While in our generous chorus
Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee—never!
My native land forever!

CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE (1801-1866).

(*Reverend Charles Constantine Pise was born at Annapolis, Maryland. He was ordained priest in 1825, studied with the Jesuits, taught at Mount St. Mary's in Emmitsburg, served in Saint Peter's Church of New York City, and died as pastor of Saint Charles Borromeo's, Brooklyn, New York. He was the only Catholic priest ever elected chaplain of the United States Senate. His works are scholarly, and he has been justly termed "the father of Catholic poetry in America."—The Editors.*)

COMMUNICATIONS

RUSSIA LOSES HER MONASTERIES

Newport, R. I.

TO the Editor:—Princess Radziwill (Russia Loses Her Monasteries, The Commonweal, June 16, 1926) writes: "At one stroke, the Bolsheviks have done away with monasteries, and monks; suppressed bishops and metropolitans, replacing the latter with degenerate members of the White clergy who have repudiated the validity of Holy Orders conferred according to the old canons of the Eastern church, and ignored the ancient rule which required bishops to take vows of eternal chastity, poverty, and obedience. They have constituted themselves into what the Bolsheviks call the 'Living Church of Christ,' an assemblage of men who see in the church only a career and a means of living, and who are but too ready to help the Soviets in their destruction of faith in God."

To me, these remarks seem altogether too sweepingly slipshod. They are unfair to many Vedenskyite churchmen. The Reverend Michael d'Herbigny, S.J., President of the Pontifical Oriental Institute, Rome, attended the Third National Council of Russian Orthodox Churches, which sat in Moscow from October 1 to 10, 1925. Following is a translation of some extracts from Père d'Herbigny's report (L'Aspect Religieux de Moscow en Octobre, 1925):

"I tried to meet the heads of the different religious groups in Russia. . . . The most numerous group is the Tykhonite. The bodies that merit the name of 'Red'—the Living Church, the Church of the New Birth, the Old Apostolic Church—are dying or already dead. On the other hand, the Vedenskyites are very active, indeed; they are opposed to the Tykhonites and to the Reds.

"In order better to wage war, the various rival Orthodoxies vie with each other in creating new bishops. Every ancient see is claimed by two contending titulars, often by three, sometimes by four. Moreover, each party has made many new sees. These enemy hierarchies—in order yet better to strengthen themselves—have surrounded metropolitans and archbishops with numerous auxiliary vicar-bishops. Czarist Russia had only a few hundred bishops (diocesan and auxiliary) for nearly seventy Orthodox dioceses; today there are more than five hundred churchmen who have really and validly received bishops' orders. To top all this confusion, the Panukrainian Orthodox Church, in southern Russia, is governed by a numerous hierarchy, the organizer and first metropolitan of which was unepiscopally consecrated at the hands of his priests and laity. Therefore, so far as ecclesiastical jurisdiction over souls in Russia is concerned, utter disorder reigns. . . .

"Very different from the three Red churches are the Vedenskyite Synodist 'Renovators.' This body calls itself simply 'Orthodox' and may be compared with the French Concordat bishops of 1801. The Vedenskyites assert that they are not reactionary like the Tykhonites nor blasphemous like the Reds, and that they are canonically recognized by the Patriarch of Constantinople—as the Concordat bishops were sanctioned by Pius VII. They do not discuss the Bolshevist government; they fight its irreligious propaganda. The Vedenskyites are made up of 200 bishops, 17,000 priests, 60,000 parish churches, and a quarter of all the Russian Orthodox faithful. A Tykhonite bishop told me that about one-third of the faithful adhered to Vedensky. Vedensky's weakness consists in having consecrated a number of married priests. . . . Against his success a serious obstacle has arisen. The Tykhonite Orthodox

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see in his talent the greatest danger to their hierarchy. Vedensky was a professor of Christian apologetics and a married secular priest—not a monk—when his successful preaching singled him out as a fit candidate for bishops' orders. The Siberian delegates to the Orthodox Council of 1923 managed to effect a modification of the canons. The descendants of the political exiles of the Czarist régime were particularly hostile to the laws observed by the Czarist church. They saw to it that a married priest might be raised to the episcopate without previous monastic profession, provided that he was worthy of the honor.

"This tendency to married bishops is common to the reformers of all the eastern national Orthodoxies and it is backed by the example and influence of Anglicans. The emigrant metropolitans curse married bishops when they happen to be rivals, but favor married bishops in relations with Anglicans. In England, instead of going to the lawful successors of the ancient ascetics and martyrs, they woo the fathers of a family that until lately they (with all old Russia) treated as 'Protestants deprived of all priesthood.' . . .

"The bishops of the Tykhonite hierarchy have, of course, lost prestige since the death of their patriarch. . . . Many of the old, grey-bearded bishops consecrated twenty or thirty years ago, mistrust the Tykhonite hierarchy's president—a man who in 1919 was still a simple, lay functionary, a tchinovnik. . . . The old bishops and their followers who have remained faithful to the Russian synodal idea, have set themselves against Tykhon's successor. Before I saw these Vedenskyite Synodist bishops, I imagined them to be a mild form of the Red hierarchy. In company with many westerns, I followed the popular tendency to regard them as belonging to the Living Church. Many Catholic papers have fallen into this mistake. They have made certain accusations, the exaggeration of which even helps the communists (whom the Catholic writers imagine they are combatting). The communists profit from all these false accusations; the criticism of genuine faults is the only criticism that can prove effective.

"The Vedenskyite hierarchy protests against classification with the Living Church. The Synodists look upon themselves as being, alone, canonical; they boast that they are faithful to the letter and spirit of the canons, to the dogmatic teaching of Orthodoxy, and to conciliar tradition. Not having had to take part, I can note without prejudice the positions of these 200 bishops. They recognize the Councils of 1917 and 1923. . . . Therefore, they call their reunion of October, 1925, 'The Third National Council of Russian Orthodox Churches.' This third assembly (like the two preceding) has received the blessing of the Patriarch of Constantinople; such sanction of Constantinople guarantees purity of Orthodoxy to the delegates to the Third Council. Russians often call the Vedenskyites Synodists or Renovators. They, themselves, prefer to be known simply as Orthodox."

In view of Père d'Herbigny's report, does it seem that the Vedenskyites are "degenerate members of the White clergy who have repudiated the validity of Holy Orders . . . and have constituted themselves . . . an assemblage of men who see in the church only a career and a means of living, and who are but too ready to help the Soviets in their destruction of faith in God"? If the witness of a saintly, learned Jesuit does not suffice, we can get first-hand evidence from Archbishop Kedroffsky at the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in New York.

L. MAYNARD GRAY.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Spearman might, for all M. Dimnet knows, be able to find in Hollywood "an Irish missionary of the name of Durand or Dupont," as suggested by M. Dimnet with such gentle irony in his communication published in The Commonweal of May 19. I could not inform M. Dimnet with any degree of authority regarding Hollywood, but I could tell him that in Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, lives a very good and unmistakably Irish friend of mine by the name of Caesar—Francis J. Caesar—whose ancestry is native to Ireland for many centuries back.

I could also inform him that there is a dentist in Buenos Aires, named McCormick—Juan José McCormick—who is as definitely an Argentinian as Mr. Caesar is Irish. I might also call his attention to the fact that the name of a certain Mexican president is Obregon, although I have no intention of trying to prove a thing in connection with this name, out of respect for the feelings of certain good friends of mine of the name of O'Brien. And out of the dim memories of my classroom days stands out the name of a certain famous marshal of France who was called McMahon, though possibly M. Dimnet would not admit that he knew a great deal of French military affairs; and somewhere I have read of an Austrian marshal of the name of Lacy, and another who bore the name of Ulrich Maximilian Count Brown, and a certain prime minister of Spain of the name of Don Ricardo Wall, as well as a certain famous Spanish general of other days of the name of Don Alexander O'Reilly. There have been O'Donnells in Austria for many centuries, and just the other day I ran across the picture of a certain Count Rohan of Austria in my daily paper. There is, or was, a famous Russian family of several centuries' standing, of the name of O'Rourke, which gave several very holy men to the Catholic priesthood in that country. And you could always find Russians of the name of Nugent if you knew where to look for them in the days before the revolution. And possibly some day in Paris M. Dimnet might run across a French general of the name of Naulin, or, if he prefers, Nolan, Nowlan, or O'Nuaullain.

Yet perhaps, in spite of all this, M. Dimnet may not be entirely wrong in believing that the Gael does not quite understand the Gaul in his tolerance and choice of anti-Catholic governments. That somewhat different traditions run in the blood of the Gael and the Gaul is evidenced in the pages of history, which tell us that of all the lands now regarded as part of civilization, Ireland was the only one which received the first missionaries of Christ with courtesy, welcome, and eagerness instead of with the sword and the axe—though this was not due to any unfamiliarity on the part of the Irish with the uses of the sword and the axe. Nor, so far as we are told, has the Gael ever enthroned "Goddesses of Reason" on the altars of God, nor conducted a wholesale business in the guillotining of priests—nor tried to establish his own line of popes in competition with the Holy See, even in the days when a politically misguided occupant of Peter's chair betrayed him into 700 years of slavery. Nor has he ever tolerated or submitted to anti-Catholic governments while he had the physical powers of resistance—much less established them.

It would not be so very strange, then, if perhaps he does find it a bit difficult properly to interpret the Gaul's tolerance of such things and reconcile it with his claim to equal Catholicity with himself. It would be a real charity, therefore, if some Frenchman, regardless of whether his name is

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Sullivan, Durand, or Snigglefritz, would explain this thing in words of one syllable for the benefit of the incredible and uncredulous Gael who, incidentally, played such a large part in the establishment of those monastic orders in the land of the Gaul which have become such welcome targets for the Catholicly supported anti-Catholic governments of Catholic France.

But seriously—may we not have an explanation of the paradox? Assuredly there must be one, but, of course, "Nordic" news services cannot be expected to give us the cue, and so many of us 20,000,000 American Catholics do not know what French publishers to write to, what books to ask them for, or how to read French if we did.

PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN.

BOOKS ABOUT SAINT BERNARD

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor:—In connection with my work upon the Second Census of Fifteenth-Century Books Owned in America, I have been asked to furnish the record of all of the fifteenth-century editions of works relating to Saint Bernard of Clairvaux that are to be found in this country.

For this purpose I drew up a checklist of works relating to Saint Bernard, which The New York Times very courteously published recently.

It occurs to me that many of the readers of The Commonweal may be owners of these early editions. I am wondering, therefore, if you would be willing to reprint the attached checklist in your columns.

MARGARET BINGHAM STILLWELL.

Aliaco, Petrus de. Tractatus et sermones (Hain 848).
Anselmus. Dialogus de passione Christi (H. 1139-40).
Aquino et Bernardi opuscula (H. 1543).
Ars bene vivendi—Barnardus de contemptu mundi (H. 1845-1847).
Auctores octo morales (H. 1913-1919).
Augustimus. Meditationes—S. Bernardi et Anselmi (H. 1951); De vita beata (H. 1960); Liber epistolarum—Accsd. duae epp. S. Bernardi (H. 1970); Orazioni—Comincia lorationi—et versi di san Bernardov (H. 2114).
Bandellus (Epistola de festo Conceptionis B. M. V.) (H. 2353-54).
Bernardus. (All writings) (H. 2842-2928).
Capranica. Ars bene moriendi (H. 4391).
Cultrificis. Declaratio—(H. 2353-54).
Dionysius. Pulcher—dialogus. Tractatus de laudibus beate Virginise ex dictis Bernardi (H. 6250).
Floretus (H. 7181-86).
Gebetbüchlein (H. 7508).
Gerson. Opera (H. 7621-25).
Guilelmus. Bernardinus, sive flores ex S. Bernardi operibus (H. 8220).
Hassia. Contra deceptationes (H. 8403-5).
Hilarion. Flores—Bernardi (H. 8662).
Hortulus rosarum (H. 8939).
Imitatio Christi (H. 9080, 81, 87, 9120, 21, 23).
Jordanus de Quedlinburg. Sermones (H. 9440).
Keyerslach. Passio Christi (H. 9779-80).
Leben der Heiligen (H. 9968-75, 78-83, 87).
Lyra, Nicolaus de. Preceptorium (H. 10406).
Mombritius. Sanctuarium (H. 11544).
Passio Domini Iesu Christi (H. 12437-48).
Phalaris. Epistola, 1496 (H. 12899).
Praeseptorium—Precordiale sacerdotum (H. 13319).
Soccus Ordin. Cisterciens. Sermones (H. 14826).
Theophilus Brixiensis. Carmina (H. 15488-89).
Utino. Sermones aurei de sanctis (H. 16126-38).
Zutphania. Theologici tractatus. (H. 16298).

(We are glad to reprint Miss Stillwell's request and the list of books, knowing as we do that at least some of these are in the possession of Catholic libraries or scholars. Those who aid in the good work being done will reap reward from the knowledge that a great mediaeval saint is to be made more familiar to Americans.—The Editors.)

ON MEXICAN RELATIONS

Los Altos, Calif.

TO the Editor:—Mr. William F. Sands, as an expounder of the law of nations, is not overwhelmingly clear. His reply [The Commonweal, June 16] to my letter of May 26, has merely served to confuse the minds of some readers.

He makes it appear that whatever took place between Secretary Bryan or his successor and the constitutional leaders in Mexico, relative to the freedom of worship in that unfortunate republic, was in the nature of treaty stipulation. I am reliably informed that it was nothing of the kind. Recognition of a provisional government is not necessarily treaty making. We have no treaties with Mexico at present.

Again, he quotes two authorities on international law as to the meaning of "intervention," and then goes on to say that "Catholics in America, if they are asking anything of the American government, are asking for intervention." Mr. Sands is opposed to such intervention. However, he approves highly of the letter addressed to the President of the United States by the administrative committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. But if the Catholics of the United States are asking intervention and Mr. Sands disapproves of their doing so, how can he sound the praises of the above mentioned letter? Surely the bishops who serve on that committee are Catholics and, moreover, they speak in the name of millions of other American Catholics, who are presumably asking for intervention.

To strip the question of verbiage, this would seem to be the gist of the Mexican question as it interests American Catholics. A persecution is raging south of the Rio Grande. Fundamental rights are being denied to millions of our coreligionists. The government in Mexico which is responsible for these outrages was placed in power and very probably is sustained largely because of American recognition. A withdrawal of recognition should have a very sobering effect on Calles and his crew. Such a withdrawal is not necessarily intervention but rather a protest against the violation of promises made to our government before recognition was granted.

Let us therefore, individually and collectively, continue to impress our worthy President with his duty of taking some action toward improving conditions in Mexico.

If you ask what can our chief executive do which has not been done already, I shall answer with Dr. James H. Ryan, "Make known in no uncertain terms the feelings of the American government concerning the present persecution, and secondly, make public the fact that we realize that certain promises have not been kept and that in the future we shall be very wary about accepting promises from certain quarters."

F. A. CASEY.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Church and Drama Association

AN event of considerable theoretical importance took place in New York recently, when some thousand people representing the stage and the church (or rather the churches!) assembled for the organization meeting of the Church and Drama Association. As a guest on this occasion, it is perhaps a bit ungracious to offer criticism, but I assume from the general tone of the dinner and the meeting that followed, that criticism, provided it be half-way constructive, is what the promoters of this organization are honestly seeking. They obviously have a vast amount of good will in the matter, and as messages of encouragement piled up from every source, including the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and the Episcopalian Bishop, it is quite apparent that no narrowness of intention is going to block the work of the Association or lead it into the by-paths of fanaticism and intolerance. The spirit is willing enough. Only the purpose seems weak.

The net result of the meeting was an expression of keen dissatisfaction with the trend of the stage today. There followed the naming of a ways and means committee to raise funds for the purposes of the society. But someone forgot to suggest how the funds, if raised, should be used, and I heard no practical proposals for the actual betterment of the stage. There was some vague talk of educating audiences throughout the country to the appreciation of finer drama. There was a hint from one of the floor speakers, Mr. Channing Pollock, of the practical advantages of lectures and pulpit utterances. But that is as far as things progressed. Now my point is that so much energy and so little practical direction of that energy is a very sad affair indeed. There are only two ways in which the stage can be regarded, either as a business venture or as a fit subject for endowment, along with opera and symphony orchestras. In either case, there are certain obvious practical measures to be taken, and to ignore them is to miss the entire opportunity presented on such an occasion.

Suppose we consider the stage first as a business. It has a commodity to sell, entertainment. It has its potential customers. If the product is not good in its kind, the customers will not come to the theatre, any more than they will buy a food product that is poorly made. That much is indicated by the fact that of some two hundred plays tried out in New York last season, about one-tenth were successful, and even this was a slight improvement over the previous season. Although I am convinced from long observation that the failures among really good plays (by which I mean dramatically good) are much fewer than popular superstition would have it, yet there is always the possibility that popular taste may not yet be ready to welcome a distinct innovation. Here, then, is an obvious field for the new Church and Drama Association—to study and systematize the ways in which new forms of dramatic entertainment may be explained to the potential theatre-going public. I take it that this is the only line of activity even vaguely envisaged up to date. It is good and useful, but it does not strike to the root.

A much more important matter is this: how are we to persuade or encourage commercial managers to present sound plays? The cost of producing a play (up to the opening night) runs from $10,000 to $25,000, and much higher in the case of big spectacles, or plays with numerous stage settings and a large cast. Only managers of considerable wealth and resources can undertake play production with any margin of safety. From this springs the temptation to present plays with special appeals, calculated to draw the tired society woman and the eager business man. Another by-product of the present system is that group of men known an angels, who, with no personal knowledge of the stage, guarantee production costs to certain producers on the gamble of large possible profits from "a share in the show." What does not exist as yet, save in the case of a very few high-minded millionaires, is a corporate or group "angel," with a real knowledge of the stage, and ready to guarantee initial production costs to any producer who can show a valid option on a really good play, dramatically, morally, and in reasonable accord with current theatre taste. Here is a really practical method by which the Church and Drama Association may hope to get at the sensitive pocket nerve of the theatre and exercise a constructive influence on the type of plays that reach the production phase.

Moreover, the practical details of such a method are so obvious as to suggest themselves. First of all, the Church and Drama Association should raise a fund of not less than half a million dollars. This fund should then be placed at the disposal of a board of trustees purely for its business management. The trustees in turn should select a play-reading committee to whom any manager may submit a play he intends to produce. If the play receives the approval of the committee, the trustees should then be empowered to guarantee from the fund production costs up to a fixed limit, on the understanding that the fund itself should be the recipient of a share of the profits of the play as well as the return of the principal advanced or guaranteed. In this way, on the law of averages, the fund would be self-perpetuating and might even show an increase.

The division of labor in the management of this trust fund would be clear and effective. The trustees themselves would attend to the business details, the drawing of contracts, the supervision of sound production methods and the necessary methods of accounting. The decision as to which plays submitted would receive the backing of the fund would rest entirely with the play-reading committee. Several practical checks might be applied.

In the first place, the play committee should represent a practical balance between the three main aspects of a play—its ethics, its dramatic integrity, and its reasonable chances for success. There are plenty of men of trained and sound moral judgment capable of distinguishing between the honest and the insincere use of dramatic material. If a body such as the Church and Drama Association cannot unite in naming one man to whom this responsibility would be assigned, then the whole project should be frankly abandoned at once. At least two members of the committee should be trained play readers with an intimate and vivid sense of the theatre and a sufficient background to recognize dramatic and acting values when they see them. Then there should be at least two more members, chosen perhaps from producers with fairly consistent records of varied successes whose opinion would be asked solely on the grounds of commercial possibilities. On the ethical side, a veto should be absolute. On the other values, the agreement of any

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three of the remaining members should be sufficient to obtain the assistance of the fund. The same committee could also make recommendations to the trustees as to the ability of the producer to give the play a suitable presentation.

I realize, of course, the many obstacles to be overcome in the working out of even so simple a plan as this. But the objective is worth it. No influence is more quickly felt in the theatre (meaning always the commercial theatre) than financial backing. The existence of a fund would not, of itself, prevent the production of filthy plays, but it would offer to managers of any real honesty of purpose a chance to move with greater freedom. It would start the positive current of better plays—and surely nothing is more effective in displacing poison than the introduction of good wholesome food. Nothing constructive was ever accomplished by merely creating a vacuum.

As to the possibility of raising the fund itself, the leaders in the present movement, exclusive of the Catholics, claim to represent some twenty million church members. If even one-tenth of this membership would contribute the small sum of twenty-five cents each, the fund would be raised. Here again, any doubt as to the possibility of raising the fund should be sufficient ground for disbanding the Association at once as a romantic dream. We have most distinctly come to a time for action and far fewer words. The recent meeting is hopeful only if we regard it as the peak of oratory, after which will come a thankful decline and the resurgence of infinitely more valuable deeds.

The Man from Toronto

THIS rather tenuous comedy, revived under the present name after an earlier career some years ago as Perkins, suffers chiefly from the defect of an inevitable ending. There are not even enough complications to make one wonder how the inevitable can happen. In spite of this, it provides an evening of considerable enjoyment, thanks to a number of amusing situations, and to an abundance of good acting.

The story is simple enough—a man who inherits a fortune from a rich uncle on condition that he will marry a certain charming widow with whom the uncle had been in love. The widow, learning that this man is about to make a visit of inspection, decides to impersonate a parlormaid until she has had time to get his measure. That he falls in love with the pseudo-parlormaid, and is ready to renounce even his prospective fortune to marry her, supplies, of course, the foregone conclusion as well as the chief comedy.

Curiously enough, almost the best acting of the evening was in a very minor rôle—that of the real parlormaid in the romantic widow's establishment. The young lady assigned to this part, Miss Peg Entwistle, managed in the few scenes at her disposal to convey an impression of unusual stage authority, an elusive beauty, and a voice of considerable range and variety coupled with excellent diction. She is, by way of comparison, a Helen Chandler without the latter's ever-increasing monotony of voice and paucity of resource. It might be well to remember this name for future seasons. In the leading part of Mrs. Calthorpe, the widow, Beatrice Hendricks brought to bear a quiet assurance and a pleasant refinement of the farcical note which, before the end of the evening, built up a delightful cumulative effect. Curtis Cooksey as the Toronto fortune-hunter, George Graham with his crisp comedy as the family lawyer, and the impeturbable Gavin Muir as the much-in-the-way juvenile, all helped to bring the most out of the thin situation. They made it an agreeable if far from hilarious evening.

BOOKS

Black Valley, by Raymond Weaver. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

Odtaa, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The Fourth Queen, by Isabel Paterson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

The Question Mark, by M. Jaeger. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The Red Cord, by Thomas Grant Springer. New York: Brentano's. $2.00.

Heat, by Isa Glenn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE modern novel may run the gamut from artistic purpose to social service. Though in the beginning, the English novel derived its canons from the rules of classical drama, it has now become the most amorphous medium of expression in the arts. Some critics stoutly maintain that the usage of epical, biographical, and elliptical patterns has been detrimental to the development of the novel. This is the classic position. Yet the novel goes merrily on, absorbing in its loose ways the contents of the world and breaking ground for newer methods of novel writing.

The groups of novels under review illustrates just this progress and complexity.

Black Valley is a novel of limitations, setting forth the failure of Nordics to convince Orientals of their superiority. Of late the Protestant missionaries to the East have appeared as new characters for fiction treatment. In the short story and play, Rain, they were subjected to broad and harsh contrasts. Mr. Weaver, who is the biographer of Herman Melville, has again taken the missionaries for his subject. He presents a community of Christians living in an inland Japanese city. There is the conflict of East versus West and the antagonism of a righteous preacher fighting the futility of the East in terms of biblical wrath. A pathetic love story runs counter to the activities of the missionaries. This realization of the mingling of the East and West has been projected with some unusually sound psychology, excellent character drawing, and a background saturated with the brooding nostalgia of the East. It is an arresting, realistic novel of competent selective construction and a compelling and adroit style.

Mr. Masefield's novel of South America is a thriller that occasionally graduates from the penny dreadful class in which it was conceived. His vigorous and sensitive style records the natural world with such perceptions as to achieve distinction. But the novel is illy planned and executed in detail. The melodrama of the lost boy in the tropical forest runs away with proportion. To add to this violation of interest, Mr. Masefield is careless in detail and presents a nineteen-century city with all modern improvements, and as a climax practically starts an entirely new story interest before his overdue dénouement. Of character drawing there is little beyond the obvious types. Odtaa strongly suggests that Masefield could do romance of a high order, should he decide to take the pains—the infinite pains of art.

The Fourth Queen of Isabel Paterson turns back to the spacious days of the Elizabethans. It is a glamourous picture of that exuberant age set down with fidelity to detail. Starting with the attack of the Spanish Armada, and setting much of its action against the life of Elizabeth's court, it yet retains a moving narrative free from the encumbrances of long wooden

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descriptions. Though its characters are out of history, they are—without violating the actual current of events—unusually human characters for historical romance. A brief reading will convince that Mrs. Paterson is a writer, superior in style, psychology, and historical accuracy to the popular writers of this genre. She is better than Sabatini. Her design of the parted lovers—parted by the Queen and the distance of the Atlantic—is the old familiar design here refurbished with fresh imagination and attractive art. The spirit of the age is in its movement—vigorous, witty, and wise. Elizabeth looms from its pages in a full-length portrait that includes her black teeth. Mrs. Paterson is a romancer to be bracketed with Elinor Wylie for delicately and provocatively capturing in exquisite prose the ways of life in yesteryears.

The Question Mark of Miss Jaeger leaps into space and provides a visionary panorama of this merry sphere in two centuries to come. Her world has been shaped by the writings of our futuristic political philosophers. She quotes in the beginning G. D. H. Cole, Russell, and Bellamy. Doubtless, too, she has been influenced by H. G. Wells. The future Utopia is brought about by the perfection of machinery. Competition is removed from life. People are divided into two classes—intellectuals and others. But all the problems of life are not solved through the working of the world by levers and buttons. Human elements and aspirations such as love, sympathy, and religion remain. In this fantastic Arcady has been etched in, in the person of Martin, an interesting character, who wanders just as bewilderingly in the machine world of perfection as he did in modern competitive life. But apparently, Miss Jaeger was not conscious that in the invention of her Utopia, she had founded it upon the old order of the Greek free city, worked by slaves. It is, however, an interesting fantasy of conjecture.

Thomas Grant Springer brings us back to the Orient. His colorful romance of China is without the problem of the white man's burden. In relating the love story of a young Chinese woman and a trader, he shows familiarity with Oriental customs, ideas, and religion that are not distorted to aid his invention. His opening scene in the days of famine is a forceful portrayal of primal struggle. In the obstacles that are induced to hinder romance, there is insight into the ways of a world that is foreign. It has the novelty of the unfamiliar.

In Heat we have another treatment of the white man in the tropics. It is a questioning novel. An army post in Manila with its disgraced officer, and frustrated idealism, baffled by the tropics, is subjected to a satirical slant. Miss Glenn distrusts the value of the virtues of the white man in the tropics. The tropics are too strong for his concepts. The small talk and scandal of the post has been ably chronicled. And the background of Heat is an orchestration of decay, stench, lush beauty, and the fantastics of a sweltering climate upon which scepticism gambles with futility.

EDWIN CLARK.

Shin-Tō: The Way of the Gods in Japan, by George Schurhammer. Published in English and German by Kurt Schroeder, Bonn and Leipzig. Price, RM, 25.

THE story of the saints is nowhere brighter than in the almost legendary record of Oriental martyrdom. It sometimes seems almost incredible that during the years which followed the coming of Saint Francis Xavier to Japan, in 1549, the Christian faith was established in a multitude of promising parishes, and that finally so magnificent a pledge of loyalty was given as that of the "great martyrdom" on the hill at Nagasaki. What was the world in which the Jesuit apostles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found themselves? What form of paganism did they strive to supplant? Marvelously enough, the answer is fairly complete in the substantial series of "Jesuit relations" sent from the mission scene to European superiors. These relations describe the primitive religion of Japan—Shintoism—as it existed then, badly mixed with Buddhism it is true, but yet distinctive and picturesquely sinister.

Father Schurhammer's labors have provided us with the first complete and synthetic account of what the relations contain. His beautiful book incorporates passages from all the early texts, but welds these together into an illuminating narrative. One can obtain here a coherent account of the Japanese mythological system, without losing the charm of personality which attaches to ancient and first-hand accounts. It was, of course, an intricate and astonishing system, beginning with a theory of cosmology which is thus set forth in a letter written by P. Gaspar Vilela in 1563: "Their first idea is that this world was, to begin with, a round egg. A strong and stormy wind which struck the egg, broke it. The white became the sky, whilst the yolk with the shell became the sea and land. Then the creatures came and multiplied as they are now. Another peculiar view is as follows: the world was originally a great lake filled with water. As there was yet no land nor inhabitants, a man named Yanamim threw a stick with a trident from the sky and said, 'Perhaps there is a river under the sky.' Whilst stirring the water he lifted a little piece of clay which was under the water. That small piece of clay stuck to the trident, and, as it came out of the water, became an island. From it the Empire of Japan gradually took its origin. Therefore, they are of the opinion that the man called Yanamim and his wife, Yanangui, are the first founders of Japan and that from these all the Japanese are descended."

A theory so quaint and thoroughly anthropomorphic must have caused the good Father no little amusement. It stressed what is always peculiar to the religious outlook of Japan—a tendency to be well content with one's own native haunts and not to nose abroad for more cosmic principles. These limitations define the quality of the Shinto gods and goddesses, but apparently had no influence to curtail the really bewildering number of divine beings. The Jesuits were, perhaps, somewhat more hard put to arrive at a satisfactory classification than we ourselves, who realize with Paul Claudel that everything in Japan has been deified, would be. They noted two distinct groups: the seven generations of Celestial Spirits, and the five generations of Terrestial Spirits. Each of these had complex ramifications, which often involved the animals and a great deal of natural scenery. The early Jesuits never tire of setting forth, with some disgust and more amazement, the details of worship which this elaborate system called forth. Thus, in a careful account of the temple on the mountain of Hiei-zan written by Frois, we read: "There was an extraordinary number of monkeys—indeed, they seem to be innumerable. These are sacred to the god; and it is deemed by all an offense of the greatest gravity, not only if one offers insult to the god himself, but also if one throws stones at the monkeys or does them any other injury. And the belief is that all offenses against the god are instantly punished and that the culprits are afflicted with leprosy on the spot."

One should like to continue turning over the pages of

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Father Schurhammer's volume, noting striking incidents and fragments of attractive color. It is an especially fascinating venture because of the wealth of beautiful pictures bringing Japanese temples and their ornament before the eye in never flagging variety. The information about Shin-Tō cannot well be neglected by anyone who cares for Oriental mythology, or by those who wish to rectify their surmises of Japanese spiritual tenets by seeing them as they appeared to the fresh and devoted eyes of Loyola's sons. Finally, these religious themselves are always a sufficient justification for a new book dealing with their story. They went abroad fearlessly, and when they could not prevail over what they were, possibly, a little too wont to term the "work of the devil," they were content to leave their lives on the field. Here is the story as it came from their hands during the 200 years of the first great effort to Christianize the Orient. Many readers everywhere will surely be grateful to Father Schurhammer: his work is both scientific and beautiful.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Philosophische Handbibliothek: Band VII, Ethik, by Michael Wittmann; Band VIII, Geschichte der Philisophie von der Romantik bis zur Gegenwart. Munich: Josef Kösel und Friedrich Pustet.

REALIZING the need for an extended presentation of the branches and problems of philosophy from a Catholic point of view, a group of competent German scholars have been enlisted in a kind of coöperative enterprise the results of which are the successive volumes of the Philosophische Handbibliothek. The distinguishing characteristic of this really epochal work lies in the fact that it is not content with merely redigesting scholastic philosophy, at the expense of ignoring views which, willingly or otherwise, the modern man must assimilate into his consciousness. The object has been rather to work through post-mediaeval thought toward the establishment of principles sponsored by the philosophia perennis. If this be arduous and exacting labor, then should we all be the more grateful for its having been done.

Dr. Max Ettlinger's history of modern philosophy may be considered typical of the manner in which the Handbibliothek deals with the development of thought. Making his beginning with the year 1794, when Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre was published, the author works through the nineteenth century and on to the present. The first section, concerned with Romantic Philosophy, seems to me the most satisfactory portion of the book. Dr. Ettlinger deals here with all the important figures, especially Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Schopenhauer, and Herbart: his exposition is at once penetrating and unusually clear, his ability to follow the trend of thought is manifestly adequate, and his critique is never petty even though it is nearly always outspoken and uncompromising. In fact, the author, though uninfluenced by the glare of great names, deals with his subject in that spirit of reverence for intellectual effort which is characteristic of every philosopher worthy of the name.

The Catholic reader will be grateful for the reasoned treatment of Catholic thinkers. Not every pamphleteer whose orthodoxy was his only excuse for writing is dignified by the gift of a chapter, but one sees clearly and in coördination the effort to reëstablish the great wisdom of the mediaeval mind. Of especial interest, too, is the third portion of the book which deals with varied specializations of philosophy after the year 1865. Here is to be found, for instance, what seems the best Catholic treatment of the biological-psychological school headed by Wundt, Lipps, and Dilthey. In fact, if anything lessens the value of the book, it is not the treatment of anything which enters the scope of the volume, but rather the probably necessary omissions—particularly of non-German philosophers. Dr. Ettlinger, writing primarily for his countrymen, relegates the writings of thinkers foreign to him to supplementary chapters.

Ethik, by the well-known teacher and author, Dr. Michael Wittmann, is clearly one of the most discerning treatises on general ethics, from a staunchly theistic point of view, available to modern readers. Writing quite apart from problems of casuistry or special morals, the author substantiates the general facts and norms of morality through the application of adequate methods. His first problem is "the highest norm of morality," and is settled through a substantial examination of positivistic and eudemonic theories. Later on he deals with the obligations of morality, morality and happiness, as well as morality and free will. In each case he works through a careful consideration of what has been thought about each by the vast crowd of more or less divergent theorists of the past. I found especially interesting the treatment of formalistic ethics, in which the views of Kant and his followers are studied with a carefulness and completeness most unusual in books of this character.

If there were space, it would be a pleasure to quote from both volumes at length. Each contains much that might profitably be added to the consciousness, not only of scholars and professional thinkers, but of average educated men and women as well. The usual criticism of German philosophy—that it is unbearably technical and abstruse—is utterly out of place here. One feels that the effort to wrestle with modern conclusions about life has not been expended in vain, and that readers who wish to correlate their Christian principles with firm intellectual speculation can find no better source from which to draw. The Philosophische Handbibliothek is a monument to its creators and to the public from which they have arisen.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Eucharistic Renaissance or the International Eucharistic Congresses, by Thomas M. Schwertner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THIS book is more opportune than even its timeliness reveals. The desirability of having such a work appear in time for the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress is obvious, but one may hope that it will serve a deeper purpose still. So splendid was the spectacle of Catholic ecclesiastical life but recently placed before American eyes that many religious souls are fearful lest the external splendor of the event should lessen the keenness of our sense of its inner, mystic significance. No one who reads Father Schwertner's book will be in danger of such spiritual astigmatism and one may well hope that the volume will have as wide a circulation as possible among American Catholics. Even those who are not of the Faith will find it a valuable aid to understanding the hidden springs of motive behind a movement which has no political axe to grind.

In the excellent foreword to his book Father Schwertner emphasizes the importance of the Eucharistic Congress movement as a sign and an assurance of the abiding and constantly renewed spiritual life of the Church. As he points out, interest in the great mediaeval age of the Catholic Church may degen-

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erate into mere antiquarianism or become a hobby of scholars and artists, but these congresses are a constant reminder of the living and dynamic realities which underlie the merely picturesque features of Catholicism. The author links up the movement with such modern manifestations of Catholic spiritual life as the growth of the Sacred Heart devotion, the apparitions at Lourdes, the decree of Pius X on frequent and daily Communion, and the Thomistic revival. The history of the Eucharistic Congresses contains, or at least implies, "the story of the interior life of the Church during the last few decades."

The history of the Congresses is as fascinating as any story of the rise and growth of a great religious work within the Catholic Church. Father Schwertner traces their immediate ancestry to the Perpetual Adoration movement of the nineteenth century and shows us the actual protagonist of the Eucharistic Congress in the person of a devout but obscure and rather diffident Frenchwoman of Tours. After many rebuffs and discouragements, Mlle. Tamisier had the satisfaction of seeing her scheme laid before Pope Leo XIII and receiving the blessing and approbation of that venerated Pontiff. An interesting link between these early beginnings and the recent congress on American soil is the fact that the prelate—Monsignor C. M. Dubuis—who was the means of obtaining the Pope's approval, was bishop of Galveston, Texas. Much of the early success was due to the exertions of Monsignor de Ségur, "the blind saint," as he was called.

Three of the later chapters in the book give in outline the story of the Eucharistic Congresses that have been held in different countries since the first one at Lille in 1881. Apart from its value as a record of spiritual growth, this story is a striking revelation of the truly international character of faith and worship in the Catholic Church, the only really effective League of Nations in the world's history so far.

It is to be hoped that Father Schwertner's pioneer work, for the subject of the Eucharistic Congresses has not received the attention it deserves, will encourage writers with ability for research and power of expression to undertake a complete and adequate history of this aspect of modern worship. Meanwhile we owe a debt of gratitude to the writer of the present book. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to discern a certain fitness in its coming from the pen of a Dominican, a member of the order which has its finest intellectual and literary flowering in Saint Thomas Aquinas, preëminently what one may call a Eucharistic saint and the author of the masterpieces of scholasticism and of mediaeval Latinity which most completely enshrine the doctrine of the Real Presence.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

Courts and Countries After the War, by H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

THE Infanta Eulalia of Spain is no stranger in the United States. In the year of the first Chicago Exposition she was in New York; the red and yellow flag of Spain floated from the Savoy Hotel, and the writer remembers her stately progress to hear Mass at Saint Patrick's Cathedral, escorted by the Old Guard. A charming, gracious woman, her good nature and vivacity won forgiveness for her cigarettes, in those 'nineties when cigarettes and a woman in conjunction were looked on with horror.

Her book is like herself. It is direct, spontaneous, interesting. Its post-war survey of courts and countries of Europe has the flavor of the first hand, and where kings and queens

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must keep silence, a royal free-lance may speak her mind. From Paris during the war we pass to Spain and vivid pen pictures of King Alphonso and his romantic, incognito twin "the Duke of Toledo," his queen, children—and Señor Ibáñez, the King's enemy. We meet the ex-Empress Zita of Austria, ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Scandinavian monarchs, Queen Marie of Roumania, the expatriate queens of Greece, Olga, Sophia and Elizabeth, the rulers of Belgium and of Italy, including Mussolini. The ex-Kaiser appears as a "truly patriarchal 'English' figure," chopping wood and planting tulips at Doorn; and the Infanta breaks a spirited lance in defense of Germany's former Crown Prince.

The orgiastic tendency in modern English social life is censured; while the Swiss are praised for an olden simplicity which has survived the war. Everywhere the witty anecdote brings a point into relief; and twenty-four excellent half-tones of royal personages supplement the text. And if, perhaps, in general, the Infanta sees persons and events too much through royalist glasses we must remember that, after all, royalty is her profession.

America has a kindly chapter of understanding comment. It is clear that the Infanta has only the happiest memories of her visit to this country. The closing chapter deals with post-war morality, and there is much throughout the book that the modern American girl of today may take to heart.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

The Tents of Jacob, by Hymen Cohen. New York: Robert M. McBride. $2.50.

DR. HYMEN COHEN, who makes his first appearance as a novelist with The Tents of Jacob, has lived the romance of the melting pot. At thirteen he could neither read nor write English. He was doing manual labor in Chicago; but he went to night school and finally to the university. Today he is a well-known physician. Early he had the urge to write.

During the winter the Neighborhood Playbill observed of its Jewish drama that: "The Dybbuk attempts to give the quintessence of the Jewish chassidic ghetto, to fix forever the intense reality of religious life and beliefs of the Jewish masses just at the moment when the inroads of modern civilization were driving this life and these beliefs out of existence."

This note might also serve to introduce The Tents of Jacob. Its characters are saturated in devout religious orthodoxy. Individual impulse is submerged in traditional laws and observance. Their Lord of the universe is the ancient all-powerful God of retribution.

This background is excellently contrived by Dr. Cohen and the story is that of the individual versus tradition. The narrative is well constructed, the opening admirable. Suspense and mounting crises are deftly sustained. The author has a facility for exhibiting character traits by brief dramatic action. Having this facility, he would do well to utilize it oftener rather than to substitute bald exposition. Frequently he uses both when action alone would give a sharper effect. The tendency of art is to prune. Dr. Cohen might have done some judicious cutting. Only those of weak technique need depend heavily on exposition—rather than dramatized narrative—and Dr. Cohen has abundantly proved that he does not belong to this category. For Tents of Jacob is a human, homely, and robustly colored novel of foreign folk and ways of life.

LOUISE HOWLAND.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Dr. Angelicus," announced Britannicus, suddenly looking up from the manuscript he was reading, "I have read your treatise on mediaeval Latin with great interest, but there are one or two points upon which I disagree with you. Now"—

"Don't," begged Angelicus, mopping his brow, "it's too hot today to go into the subject of mediaeval Latin. Let's hire a cab and drive through the Park instead. I'm in favor of an airing—as long as it's not an airing of views."

"But," objected Britannicus, "you have fallen into one grave error in treating this subject, which I feel bound to point out to you. You say"—

"Hold," cried Dr. Angelicus. "Before we begin any argument, let me read you a little story with a moral which my friend, Cyril B. Egan, sent me this morning. Perhaps you will feel differently after you have heard it."

Britannicus started to interrupt, but Angelicus had already begun in a loud, determined voice that would not be downed:

"They were two solemn and serene seekers after the truth, and they had an argument.

" 'Let us not be too precipitate,' said the first debater before the argument was well under way, 'in trying to prove our respective cases: A ready answer is not always the right one; and only to the mind of a dunce does hesitancy in the rebutter lend strength to the argument of his opponent. Let us, therefore, take our time in threshing this matter out!'

" 'Neither,' said the second debater, 'must we allow the personal equation to enter in. Oral disputation engenders friction, promotes animosity, and encourages egotism. Let us, therefore, seek not so much to prove that "I am right and you are wrong"; but rather, that "here is truth and there is error."'

" 'We shall not endeavor to throw rhetorical pepper into each other's eyes,' said the first philosopher.

" 'Rather let us write out our arguments calmly and syllogistically on paper,' rejoined the second. 'We shall pass these papers back and forth one to the other! And there need be no urgency to reply in a minute, an hour, a day, or a month. Rather let us allow plenty of time for judicious consideration and serene research.'

"And so it was done.

"In the middle of a great hall that was netted with cobwebs and walled with books, the learned wranglers initiated their debate. Not a word was heard; but silently back and forth they passed their papers one to the other. . . .

"Sometimes an hour, a day, a week, a year would elapse betwixt to and fro, butt and rebuttal—between the passage of an objection and its profoundly considered answer. They became ancient and mouldy, these two philosophers; their eyes grew weak and rheumous; their hair fell out and their teeth clattered to the floor; and still they argued, placidly, patiently, and philosophically, ever over and over again the self-same question.

" 'Truth will not be hurried,' muttered the first philosopher, after forty years had passed.

" 'The verities come in their own good time,' replied the second philosopher, optimistically; 'or those that do not come in time will come in eternity.'

"But when fifty years had passed without bringing a conclusion, the two philosophers began to show some slight signs of impatience both with the argument and with one another.

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"'In the last point you made,' wrote the first philosopher to the second, 'you would seem to have garbled the facts!'

"'You yourself,' reminded the second philosopher, 'would seem to be pleading the cause of truth with ambiguous and mendacious distinctions!'

"But when sixty years had passed, and still the question was unsettled, the two philosophers got frankly vexed.

"'You are a liar and a scoundrel!' wrote the first philosopher to the second.

"'You are a dog and a knave!' wrote the second to the first.

"Then they rose, these two venerable old men who had struggled so valiantly to suppress their personalities, and rended each other into little pieces—limb from limb, and bone from bone.

"Came two big-headed bulldogs, that afternoon, to discuss those bones. With gluttonous avidity they discussed them until there was but one bone left between them.

"But by this time, the marrow of the two philosophers had become their marrow, and the sweetly habitual reasonableness of the sextennial deliberators had entered into and dominated their own doggy selves. Back on their haunches, then, the pair of them sat; and, like Brahmins in meditation, viewed the bone.

"'Before rudely snatching this dessert one from the other,' mildly bow-wowed the first bulldog, 'let us get down to first principles!'

"'Let us, by all means,' gently woof-woofed the second bulldog. 'How do you stand on the Cartesian Doubt?'

"And thus they proceeded, gravely, reasonably, to the debate, whilst a third dog (who was a dachshundly pragmatist) snoodled between them and stole their bone of contention away."

"Ah," said Britannicus, throwing down the manuscript on mediaeval Latin when the Doctor had finished, "do you think we can find a cab at the door?"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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